OUR LATEST GIFT PEN—How to obtain it. See page 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. NO. 579. | SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

MAY GOD FORGIVE THEM

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

SAVE THE BABIES!

The present appalling infant mortality is largely attributable to improper feeding and *contaminated milk.*

Dairy milk is seldom to be relied upon—it is usually full of germs, contains preservatives, and is otherwise adulterated.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

is the richest, purest milk with *all* the original cream. Baby not only likes Nestlé's, but *digests* it better than dairy milk and thrives on it most splendidly. In the absence of breast-milk it is the first—the only—thing to try; it is *safe*, it is *inexpensive*, it is *sure*.

We hope to supply Nestlé's Milk to our Trade customers in equal quantity to their corresponding purchases of 1916. The public are therefore invited to buy from their regular supplier in order to assist this method of fair distribution.

Nestlé's, 6-8 Eastcheap, E.C. 3

You get £100 for your War Loan

When you furnish at the "Midland," War Loan counts as cash. Just consider what an immense saving that is!

If you went to the Bank, or the Post Office, or the Stock Exchange, you could only get about £94 10s. 0d. for the War Loan which cost you, say, £95. But at the "Midland" you get the full par value—£100. And besides that you are allowed the full cash discount of £10 per cent.

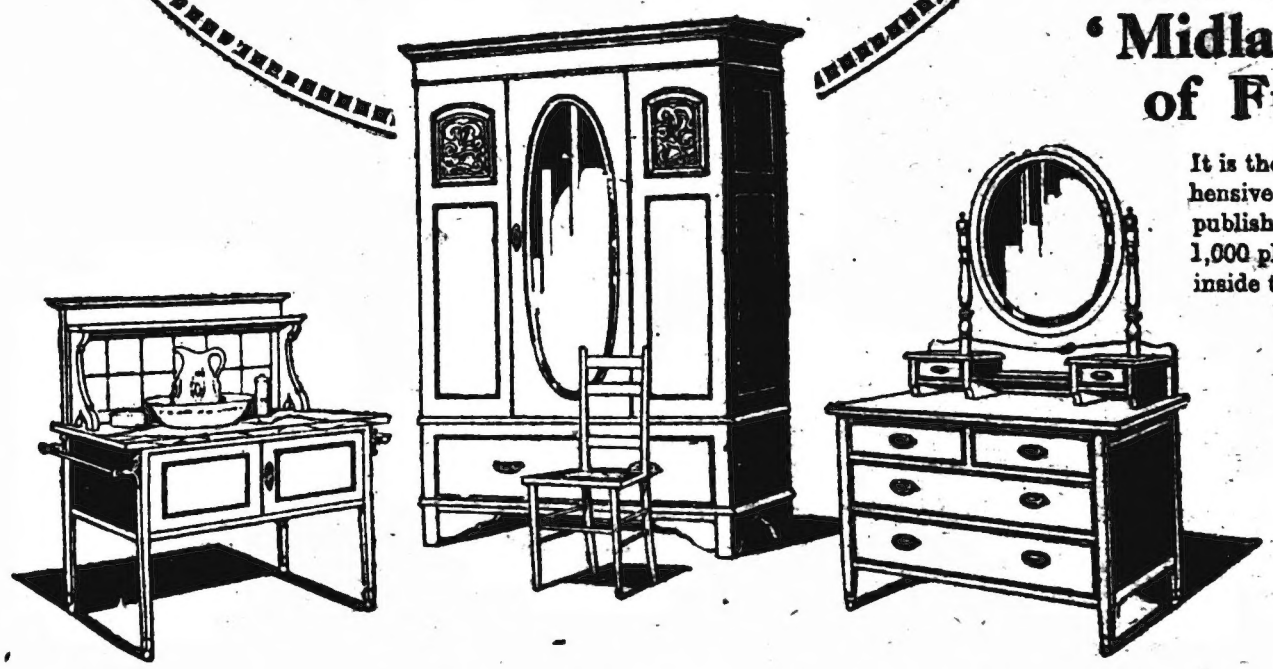
Money buys more at the "Midland"

If you want to make a profit on your War Loan—if you want to get just the beautiful home you have set your heart on—come to the "Midland" to-day. Bring your War Loan with you. You will have £100,000 worth of splendidly made furniture to choose from, at prices which give you incomparably better value than you can get anywhere else: and you will have the chance of a life-time to buy a home with War Loan *at par*.

Write for the 'Midland' Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons.

A postcard brings it free.



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(Town or Country).

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£30 -	0 16 6
£40 -	1 2 0
£50 -	1 7 6
£100 -	2 15 0
£200 -	5 10 0
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Handsome Bedroom Suite, soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table; 3ft. 6in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; and 2 chairs - - - - - **£24 - 10 - 0**

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Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

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Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

"What d'ye lack?"

To obtain booklets, etc., fill in and post the INFORMATION COUPON below

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of preminent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, with full name and address, posting it to—Dept. I.C., "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

To obtain booklets, etc., fill in and post the INFORMATION COUPON below.

11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**

If you want to earn more—to get on in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.

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11C Advertising 11J Elec. Lighting, etc.
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11E Indus-trial Chem. 11L Architecture
11F Careers for Men 11M Careers for Wom'n
I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

12. **FREE**

each month an

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Bright, helpful and interesting.
- - Just fits the pocket - -
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

13. **Blood & Skin Troubles Cured.**

6d Send to-day to The Domigo Co., 168, Aldersgate St., London, E.C., enclosing 6 penny stamps, and a trial treatment, with treatise, will be sent you post free by return.

14. **Is it an ALL-IN Policy?**

THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY

gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.

Ocean House, Old Broad St., E.C. 2.

1. **A SUPERB SET OF WAR VOLUMES.**

The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe.

Only 5/- down.

A beautiful coloured booklet describing the work FREE and POST FREE.

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British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

3. **WHY SUFFER?**

Why have pains, swellings and stiffness? IT ISN'T NECESSARY.

Take Curicones; they have cured hundreds of chronic and hopeless cases of RHEUMATISM, ARTHRITIS, SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURITIS.

FREE trial package and interesting book for all sufferers sending name, address and ailment, to

STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., LTD., Dept. 20, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

4. **EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**

OF GUARANTEED QUALITY.

LISTS FREE.

BEES LTD.,

175x. MILL ST., LIVERPOOL.

5. "Free Hints about your Baby"

Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.

Glaxo

155, Great Portland St., London, W. 1

6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.**

Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.

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7. **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**

The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,

128, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

8. **SAMUEL BROTHERS**

(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.

FREE Publications.

(8a) "Straight Tips for Subs." (*For Officer Cadets.*)
(8b) "Omne Tempus Raincoats." (*For All.*)
(8c) "The Seven Ages of Boyhood." (*For Juveniles.*)

JUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

9. **Shorthand**

Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQRS., DEPT. 32, RAMSGATE.

10. **"SWAN" PENS**

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I am interested in the Advts. numbered*_____ Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

Name _____

Address in full _____

* Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.

The "Insect kill-joy"

The end of all things temporal for insects is in the blue packet of Vertroy Vermin Killer.

There's no partial disablement effect about Vertroy—it's "sure death," always.

Insects carry more germs about than most people think. Rid your house of this danger by using

VERTROY Vermin Killer

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in 3d., 6d., 1/-, and larger Boxes.

If you cannot obtain Vertroy locally send us a 1/- P.O. for the large box—post free.

Vertroy is put up in handy sprinkler packages.

Go to your chemist and get a package to-day. Sprinkle a little Vertroy in all the places beloved of insects and—annihilate them.

Vertroy is a sweet-smelling powder, and is perfectly harmless to everything except insects.

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton, England.

BROOKS

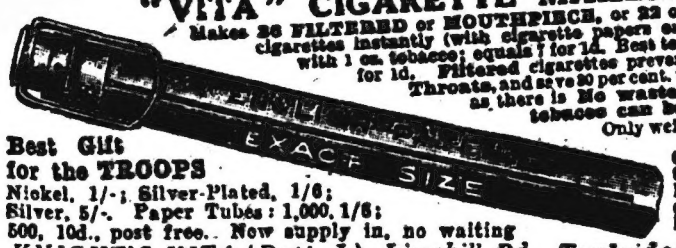
is the invariable choice of experienced Cyclists, because they know that no other saddle is comparable in comfort-giving qualities.

·WRITE FOR THE BROOKS BOOK·

J. B. BROOKS & Co LTD
92, Criterion Works, BIRMINGHAM.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 20 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.



Best Gift for the TROOPS

Nickel, 1/-; Silver-Plated, 1/6; Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6; 500, 10d., post free. Now supply in, no waiting

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

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Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Linoleums, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

EASY TERMS

BOYS—Here is a chance to learn Wireless and help your country

Boy of from 16 to 18 years have a new opportunity of taking up a great career and of rising to positions of responsibility. The National Authorities require 5,000 trained Wireless men. Here is your chance to become an expert. During training boys may be freed of any liability of Military Service.

This is the age of applied science, when the skilled engineer—the flying man—the submarine expert—and the alert Wireless Operator play a more important part than any other man.

During Training Freed Military Service.

We have been officially informed by the Postmaster-General that arrangements have been made with the War Office that Students of military age attending Day Classes at this School may be relieved of liability of military service until they reach the age of 18¼ years and have had time to qualify for a Certificate of Proficiency in Wireless Telegraphy and have obtained a position as Wireless Operator.

Send me full information of the Wireless Course of Training

FILL IN CUT OUT AND POST TO DAY

Name .....

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Age .....

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Parents should encourage boys to pursue this scientific training and thus confer a real and lasting educational benefit upon them.

N.B. WIRELESS SCHOOLS Ltd

GLASGOW - 206 BATH ST

or

EDINBURGH - 48 GEORGE SQ

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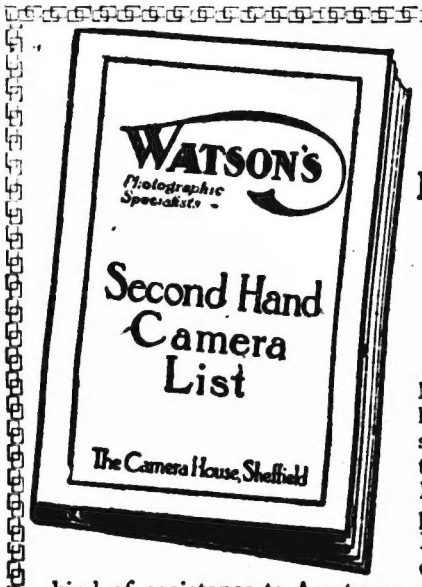


EVERY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER SHOULD HAVE OUR NEW LIST No. 16.

Not only does this List show how to effect an appreciable saving on all kinds of Photographic Apparatus and Materials, but it also gives particulars of the many Departments we have fully organised for rendering every kind of assistance to Amateurs who aim to get the best possible results and the utmost profit and enjoyment from their hobby. **We are Photographic Specialists.** In any and every branch of the art we can offer the greatest facilities; our organisation, even in these times, is perfect; our business methods are up-to-date and we live up to the words of one of our newspaper critics, "The house with a reputation for promptness and fair dealings."

Send Post Card to-day for LIST No. 16..

It may save you a lot of expense and disappointment before the season is over.

WATSONS *The Camera House,* **84, High Street, SHEFFIELD.**

LIPTON'S

Lipton's own thousands of acres of some of the finest Tea plantations in the world. The possession of these just gives Lipton's that advantage over others which enables Lipton's to give better quality, better selection, and better value.

If you want the best tea, go to the firm that grows it.

LIPTON LTD., TEA, COFFEE & COCOA PLANTERS, CEYLON.
Tea Merchants, by Special Appointment to H.M. King George V., T.M. The King and Queen of Italy, and H.M. The King of Spain.
Head Offices: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 14.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 579. Week ending Saturday, July 7th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Crisis.
Surely we have reached it. On another page we have spoken our mind—as far as we dare trust ourselves in the first burning anger of the Mesopotamia revelation.

Germany Broken.
And the tragedy of the thing is that it should come just at the moment when the Kaiser was on the point of throwing out a serious overture for Peace. *Now* the humiliating task has been thrown on the Prime Minister. And *what* an exhibition!

Walk Warily.
Verily we are on the brink. Walk warily, friends—and God grant that we may be capable of helping to guide you aright.

The King.
As we point out elsewhere, the next move is with the King. A firm attitude now—and the Empire is saved. Oratorical fireworks won't do it.

On Guard.
From an East Sheen reader: "I notice the Government have 'straightened' Northcliffe, and I hear you are the next to be nobbled. Be on your guard." Well, we were taught to be cautious!

The Care of the Hun.
Is it the fact that the Germhun prisoners at Stratford Internment Camp have been removed since the last raid on London?

The Safest Spot.
By the way, people are saying that the safest refuge from air attacks is the House of Commons. Germhuny would not hurt the dear creatures there for anything.

Ireland.
We are still hoping for the best—but preparing for disappointment; meanwhile we are not sure that the release of *all* the Sinn Feiners will help the situation. Still, anything for the sake of peace.

Reprisals.
What about setting the Black Forest on fire and thus destroying the bulk of the enemy's harvest? Would that be *very* wicked?

Our Terms.
So Constantinople is to remain in the possession of Turkey; and Alsace and Lorraine—well, the Prime Minister did remember at Dundee that he had forgotten it at Glasgow.

The General Election.
It is still proposed to dissolve Parliament at the end of September, and the chief occupation of the various political "head quarters" at the present moment is devising "battle cries" for the purpose of distinguishing the combatants—but most of the calculations of the wire-pullers will be upset by an event for which they are at present totally unprepared.

Cynical Candour.
Questioned the other day in the House of Commons as to whether the Government had received numerous resolutions from public meetings on the subject of reprisals, Mr. Bonar Law replied, "they had been received and I have no doubt that probably they have been read." Read by whom, may we ask? They were intended for the Government. And "probably" is good!

The Prince's Motto.
Several readers are trying to convince us that *Ich Dien* is Welsh. We must therefore remind them of how it came to be adopted as the motto of the Black Prince. It was discovered under the plume of ostrich feathers in the helmet of the King of Bohemia, who was killed in the battle of Crecy. Bad cess to it!

Russia.
Is it quite wise, until the New Government has made up its mind about the war, for us to go on pouring munitions into the country?

More Dumping.
A vessel loaded with ammunition was recently blown up in a Kent Coast harbour. She was salved and the ammunition dumped down in the local fish market. In the recent raid a bomb dropped plumb on that ammunition heap! A mere coincidence, of course.

Use the Children.
Wouldn't it be better, instead of keeping children in stuffy schoolrooms at their lessons, to at once "break up" in all the Elementary Schools and liberate the youngsters for fruit-picking and other useful work? The Women's Defence Relief Corps will put them in the way.

A Naval Item.
Recently, after Portugal had joined the Allies and the German shipping lying in Delagoa Bay was seized by the British, one vessel was despatched from Natal with native troops for Mombassa. It mysteriously grounded. The Captain was the Hun officer who was originally in charge! The head of the Transport Department is a barrister. *Where are those ropes?*

Air Raid Insurance. Nearly 1,000 claims paid. See page iii of cover.

Medical Exams. Inquiry.

As ever since the first Military Service Act we have been attacking the methods by which the Government were making hospital fodder and funerals of unfit men they were taking for the Army, we are naturally gratified that Ministers, in order to save their skins, have been compelled to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the methods, conduct, and general administration of the Army undertakers.

Derby's Spring Cabbage.

Our information is that a few weeks ago a consignment of spring cabbage arrived at St. Mary's Goods Station, Derby, for a fruit and vegetable dealer in the town. The goods were taken to the wholesale market for sale to retailers, but after a few hours were brought back to the railway station to be stored over Sunday and Monday because the price demanded could not be obtained for them. Early on the Tuesday morning a motor lorry was at the storage shed, but there was no cabbage fit to be removed; it was all rotten.

The Same Breed.

At the dinner of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union to celebrate the patriotic agreement of owners and men alike to refuse to carry Macdonald and other pacifists to Petrograd, one of the speakers stated that the U-boat commanders now have instructions to take prisoner the captain and chief engineer of British vessels. These officers, therefore, at the last moment, disguise themselves and pose as lower-deck hands. Despite the threats of the pirates, in no case has a member of the crew been prevailed upon to "give them away." The sea dogs still keep the old strain pure!

"Of National Importance."

Alderman Lorden, the Pride of Wandsworth, recently fined £50 for using 2 cwt. of bread to feed chickens, is a whale for notoriety. He made another bid for attention when appealing for his gardener, by claiming that the said gardener was engaged in work of national importance when he grew potatoes—not for sale to the public—but for him, the worthy alderman, to eat. It was a gorgeous claim to make, but we are not surprised to find that the Tribunal refused him a certificate to get another man.

Babbling Brooks.

"Yours in the good service of a Christian Peace, Theophilus Brooks," of 138, Earlsfield Road, Wandsworth, S.W., has lately been bombarding ministers of religion with a pacifist broadsheet, couched in terms of canting piety, which might have delighted the oily Pecksniff and turned Stiggins green with envy. Also, Theophilus is after your money, inviting subscriptions towards "the necessary expenses." Economy, however, is not despised. "It will greatly save as to time and labour," says the babbling Brooks, "if individual acknowledgments of remittances are not asked for." Just so; to say nothing of general convenience. Oh, Theophilus!

The Helpful Lowe.

Mr. M. Lowe is a member of the Blore Heath Tribunal, sitting at Market Drayton. When a man is refused exemption by the Tribunal to which he belongs, Mr. Lowe thinks it decent to interview and advise that man as to an appeal at Stoke, and even to offer to give evidence on his behalf. Though he was severely trounced by his fellow members, he remains boastfully impenitent, but says he "will gladly retire from the Tribunal; it would be just what he would like, giving him more scope in other directions." Those "other directions" being so self-evident, let us hope Mr. Lowe will not meditate on the order of his going, but will go at once. It's a nasty bird that fouls its own nest.

Car Conductresses.

The young ladies who conduct the Edinburgh trams must accept a gentle reproof. A wounded soldier, entering a tram, and having to leave his crutches on the rear platform, was charged a penny by the conductress for "luggage"! That is stupendous. Another young lady started her car too soon; had it not been for the promptness of a lad, a wounded man would have been flung off. So this is to ask the girls to be more considerate—and more sensible.

Timely Precautions.

Too little attention has been paid to the fact that the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand have already passed laws imposing a duty of 75 per cent. on German imports after the war, and practically prohibiting German and Austrian immigration. Meanwhile, the British Empire Union of Canada are demanding similar legislation for the Canadian Dominion, while General Smuts may safely be relied upon to look after such matters in South Africa. When are *we* going to begin?

Food for Pigs.

An Upton housewife asserts that the bread which the baker brought round to her last week was unfit to feed the pigs with. "The smell of it was unbearable—and as to giving it to little children, words cannot express my feelings. When I complained to the baker about it he absolutely refused to compensate me for what I had paid for and had to throw away, reminding me there was a war on." Undoubtedly there is a war on, but not less undoubtedly there ought to be a great deal of this bread off. It is in many cases a horrible concoction of assorted stench and stomach-ache.

Baked Blackbeetle.

The Government bread is sufficiently horrible without bakers making it more horrible still. At Marylebone, a few days ago, a naturalised baker sent a loaf of bread to a lady whom we could name, and when she cut it up she found a blackbeetle interned therein. "I put the blackbeetle in paper and returned it to them, but they never said they were sorry," she tells us. Here the lady made a mistake. She should have retained the insectivorous brute as corroborative testimony, and summoned the baker for allowing his blackbeetles to be at large without the Food Controller's licence.

Ecclesiastical.

Canon Stuart, who recently died, left a fortune of £35,000; we do not suggest that he made it out of the Church. In addition to his canonry in the diocese of Canterbury he was Thursday Lecturer at Bow, and it is stated £50 a year is to be raised for the continuation of the lectureship. Wouldn't it be a welcome innovation to confer this office on one of the many poor East-end Vicars? When it comes to patronage in the Church, the poor Vicar or Curate is the last candidate for a decent living anybody seems to think of, though as often as not he hasn't the wherewithal to half-sole his boots or buy the missus a second-hand hat.

"If the Huns——"

And that reminds us of an officer, a Cambridge man, who was given leave from the trenches in order to attend his father's funeral. He found that his father, a Vicar with a small living, had left his mother and sister totally unprovided for, and therefore dependent on his Army pay—or the workhouse. "I shall go into Holy Orders myself if I return safely from the war," he said, "though I do assure you I am sometimes wicked enough to believe that until the Huns bomb the episcopal palaces there will never be decent provision made to improve the lot of the poor clergy."

Over one million pens now in use. Had yours yet? See coupon page 15.

Army Waste.

On Friday evening, June 15th, orders were given at a Dunstable army camp for the destruction of 800 loaves of bread, and they were cast into the flames accordingly. There appears to be no question that the bread, much of it green with mould, was unfit for human consumption. It was, however, presumably good at one time. What has to be answered is, why was it allowed to get into such a state?

Chinks Aboard.

There was a new ship just launched at Glasgow, almost ready for sea. A seaman, having passed some weeks in enforced idleness, thought at last there was the chance of a berth for him. But he is still idle. Chinese labour was wanted on the ship, not his. To us it seems a wrong situation when British seamen for British ships is not the rule. Chinks may be cheaper, but money is not all that matters.

The Cavalry Arm.

When some publication prints an article that irritates the boys, we are appealed to for the purpose of applying correction and castigation. A recent instance occurs in a penny weekly journal. It is practically an attack on the cavalry arm in France, suggesting that the men only hold sports meetings and are bored by inaction. It insinuates that the cavalry have done nothing in this war and are not wanted. Where would be the use of refuting such foolish inaccuracies? The records of the war contain the records of the cavalrymen, and they may be so proud of them as to treat with contempt remarks so lamentably ignorant.

Tinny Patriotism.

Those wonderful stocks of German and Austrian goods "purchased before the war" are still unexhausted; indeed, it almost seems that they must have been miraculously replenished like the widow's cruse of oil. At any rate, some of our tradesmen have an uneasy conscience in the matter. For instance, Messrs. Harlings, of 47, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., have recently been retailing steel drawing-pins, neatly re-covered with tin. There's a reason, for beneath the tin shield each pin bears the inscription, "L. and C. H., Vienna," and, of course, that would never do for the patriotic patrons of a patriotic firm. Isn't it a game?

Ruffling the Workers.

There seems no limit to the capacity of the fool Departments of the British Government to do the wrong thing at the right time. For instance, we are told that opportunities are being offered for ten days' leave in H.M. Factory at Gretna. The big bugs and clerical staff are allowed travelling concessions, but the labouring and mechanical staffs have to stump up their railway fares to the uttermost farthing. We are assured that, as a result, many of this class, who live South and who have been toiling and stewing like niggers for many moons, will not be able to bear the cost of going and returning to their homes. It seems a blundering shame.

Useful Us.

Thanks for the thanks of the *Macclesfield Courier and Herald*, in reference to our recent "Candid Communication" respecting the award of shoddy certificates "printed in Germany" to the good children of the Macclesfield schools. We are glad to report that the episode has had a happy ending, the School Management Committee having unanimously resolved "that the remaining certificates be burnt," one of the members remarking that "JOHN BULL had done Macclesfield and its children a good turn." Whereat we are mightily pleased, and straightway on to the next business, as good old Pepys might say.

Parcel Punishers.

Will the P. O. people be good enough to handle with a little more care the parcels for our boys at the front? Poor people spend much money and care on these gifts for loved ones, and it hurts the feelings of a soldier—besides mocking his appetite—when the parcel arrives smashed and spoiled. The handlers must handle perishable goods more thoughtfully.

A Short Storm.

Let's be brief. Midland Police Court: Assistant Inspector Hand-grenades, carrying box matches in munitions factory; case dismissed. Same court: working man, two matches in possession; fined £5. Same Court: another working man, pipe of tobacco in pocket, no matches; fined £5. Working men swear. Assistant Inspector smiles. Magistrates chew thistles, or ought to. Curtain.

Taking the Liberty.

A gentleman at present domiciled in the neighbourhood of Theobald's Road, W.C., asks us to pardon the liberty he takes in writing to us, but he is given to understand that we are willing to assist anyone who is thinking of getting married, and as he is only in poor circumstances he will be glad of any help we can give him. What would he like? A pound of potatoes or a pint of half-and-half?

Selling Sovereigns.

When one of the R.M.S.P. boats arrived at Lisbon *en route* for Liverpool, she was boarded by about half-a-dozen moneychangers. They were in search of golden sovereigns, and offered 21s. each for them. Before the boat left they had increased their terms to 24s. in English silver, or paper money. As the sale of the coin is totally illegal here, the Government should stop the traffic on board British ships abroad.

The One-Man Business.

This is a sad advertisement, from a Doncaster newspaper: "To our Patrons and Customers. Having been given Exemption till June 30th (final) this Business is for sale; failing which, this business, which has maintained myself, wife, and nine children under 16 years of age, will be closed after that date. Thanking all for past favours." It rings with a note that echoes in many a home. And still the young men shirk, uncombed and unashamed.

Light on the Subject.

Summer Time is a daylight-saving scheme; it is also a lighting-saving notion, in days when waste of electrical power is wicked. So, let us take a stroll along some principal thoroughfare—the Strand will do. There let us note the shops of the cheap jewellers, where the goods are more or less trashy, the gold rather thin, and the stones not so precious as they might be. The clear light of day would expose the flaws, so you will find the shop windows lined with electric bulbs, burning away in sheer wanton waste for twelve hours every day.

A Golden Youth.

At Hebden Bridge, there is a single fellow of 20, employed in the electricity works, who could not be replaced, and whose work is of so much importance—he mends cables—that, were he to go, the whole electricity supply of Hebden Bridge would go to eternal smash, the locality would be in darkness, and there would be weeping and gnashing of teeth. On those grounds the local Council got him off until September, with a recommendation to "replace" him by then. How can they, when there is no man in the kingdom who can do the work?

Big increase in "Bullets" Cash Prizes.

WHY WE STOPPED MACDONALD.

MEN OF THE MERCANTILE SERVICE REBUFF PRO-GERMANS.

BY CAPTAIN EDWARD TUPPER.

NO class of labour, and in fact no section of the community, has endured such hardships, or suffered so much, as the men of the Merchant Service. Hundreds have sacrificed their lives; thousands have been cast away in small boats to return home wrecks of their former selves, having buried many of their comrades at sea—whose deaths were caused by exposure and murderous gunfire, when making for safety. These are the men who feed the nation. No V.C.s or D.C.M.s for them; they are just silent heroes. Therefore, how can any true Britisher be surprised that they rose in revolt on June 4th last? Very few know how seriously the seamen took the insult offered to Councillor Peter Wright and myself at the bogus Peace Conference at Leeds. Mr. Wright and I were instructed to attend it to watch the seamen's interests. This "great conference of Labour"—as it was styled—was composed mainly of delegates from the Union of Democratic Control, the No-Conscription League, the Council of Civil Liberties, and other such societies, representing no one's opinion but their own. The speakers were such men as Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden, Jowett, Fairchild and other Conscientious Objectors—and, let me say at once, they were trying to discredit such real Labour leaders as Will Thorne and Jim O'Grady; in fact, wishing to override the decision of the great Labour Congress. The second resolution on the Agenda was one calling for peace without "annexations" or "indemnities." A Standing Orders Committee had been formed to receive amendments—so I tabled one to delete the words "peace without annexations or indemnities." When this became known to the meeting, there was an uproar. Immediately someone in the hall rose and moved a resolution to dissolve the Standing Orders Committee. The Chairman seized this way of getting rid of anything the Seamen's representatives wished to bring forward. When the resolution was being put I rose and objected. This *great Democratic* gathering howled and groaned at me with one voice. I refused to be browbeaten and asked if the voice of the seamen was to be heard. Amidst jeers, I sat down.

"Five Minutes,"

When the second resolution on the Agenda came on for discussion, Philip Snowden moved it. Other peace-at-any-price cranks supported it. When I took the floor I cannot describe the scene—I never dreamt that I was so well hated by the friends of Germany. The Chairman said I could have five minutes; imagine five minutes to state the case of the men who were bringing food to this country—unfortunately some of it being consumed by the cranks! Then the storm renewed its fury. I tried to explain that the seamen demanded restitution from Germany for the widows and orphans of men who had been foully murdered when trying to escape in their small boats from the torpedoed ships. Shouts of "Piffle!" and "Rot!" greeted me. I told the Conference that they could not frighten me, as I was used to the friends of Germany howling me down. Loud cries of "Withdraw!" greeted me, but I refused to do so. That put an end to my career at that "great democratic free action, free speech gathering"! On Monday, June 4th, I returned direct from Leeds to my home in Sussex. I did not see Mr. Havelock Wilson or any of my colleagues of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union to explain what had happened, but they had read reports of the conference. On Tuesday morning I learned for the first time that the seamen had demanded that Mr. Havelock Wilson should call a meeting of representatives from all ports—which he did, and at which the now famous policy was laid down. The seamen meant business; they knew their power—they had decided that Ramsay Macdonald should not leave Britain to misrepresent the workers. The seamen would have no such patched up peace. They had suffered, they were prepared for further sacrifices; they know the Hun pirate better than any other body of organised labour. They knew they have been insulted and slighted, and they meant to wipe it out; and seamen can retaliate, I know. I have led them in fights many a time—true and loyal men they are.

Employers and Employed Join Hands.

So it came about that I found myself the following Thursday morning addressing a large audience of Seamen, Dockers, Tippers and Trimmers on the Mill Dam, South Shields, where they passed a resolution demanding that there should be inserted on all ships Articles a clause to the effect that they had the right to refuse to proceed to sea if any peace delegates were on board. I addressed another meeting that day at Newcastle, where the Shipowners, Iron Masters and Colliery Proprietors joined hands with the workers in keeping the flag of Britain inviolate; and I journeyed to Leith, then on to Aberdeen and held a mass meeting there. That great patriot, David Palmer, President of the Aberdeen Trades and Labour Council, took the chair. By this time I had a very good idea of the port from which Macdonald and Jowett would attempt their escape. On the Sunday morning my sea-scouts announced the arrival of the would-be passengers to Petrograd. This was going to be *my* Sunday. They had had theirs the week before. As Macdonald and Jowett came around a corner of the dock, I received them. I think Macdonald knew it was then all up — there was no hooting or jeering. Fishermen and seamen do not howl and jeer; they act. I followed Macdonald and Jowett to the ship. They attempted to go up the gangway, but were stopped. Macdonald wanted to address the crew of 41 men, but they did not wish to hear him. He had been one of those who at Leeds refused to listen to their just demands. He had been a hero amongst the Peace Cranks the previous Sunday, but he stood discredited this Sunday by the very workers he claimed to represent. Later in the afternoon, Mr. George Roberts, the member for Norwich, and Mr. George Carter, of the Miners' Federation—true friends of labour and loyalists—waited on me and asked on what terms I would remove the embargo. After a lengthy discussion it was arranged that Mr. Roberts should explain to the meeting why the Government wished Macdonald and Jowett should go to Petrograd. An open-air meeting was held that night. I put the offer of Macdonald to the crew of the *Vulture*, but they refused to entertain it; and said their comrades all over the country must be consulted. They refused to take the ship with such passengers. The vessel left at 5 a.m. next morning. The seamen had carried out their threat. On the Wednesday following I arrived in London, in time to be well in the air raid. I saw the little children murdered in the East End; and although I frankly confess I have said and done many things in my life that I regret, I shall never regret being the instrument of preventing the friends of every country but their own from leaving these shores. Let me add that since writing the above a conference has been held of the Guild of Officers, the Marine Engineers and all representatives of seafaring men. They passed a resolution *not* to remove the embargo. Thus does patriotism confound the pacifist and the pro-German!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to, Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G., Secretary of State for War.

DEAR LORD DERBY,—I have been glancing at the Report of the Parliamentary Committee which has inquired into the existing methods for the relief of British prisoners of war in Germany, and I am bound to tell you that I am far from satisfied. The Committee certainly pay no compliments either to the War Office or to the Central Prisoners of War Committee, who have jointly controlled the scheme of relief, including the despatch of parcels to the German prison camps, and indeed it is evident that there have been grave defects of organisation, causing acute dissatisfaction among the relatives of prisoners. Is it too much to ask that you should give personal attention to the matter, with a view to the establishment of a workable plan? JOHN BULL.

To Councillor W. J. Groves, J.P., Portsmouth Board of Guardians.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that a certain type of guardian is always ready to economise at the expense of the comfort of the old people under his charge. Your suggestion at a recent meeting that because the price of tobacco has been raised "they ought to do without smoking" is just the sort of callous stinginess that makes decent persons sick of Bumbledom. Already the allowance of tobacco has been reduced from 1 oz. to ¾ oz. per week, and this miserable dole is given to the old men for good conduct and for the little work they do. You threaten to move a resolution on the subject at the next meeting of the Board. Well, I hope you will be soundly beaten. That pipe of 'bacca means Heaven on earth to the old chaps. Try to be human, Groves!

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel Carter, Indian Medical Service.

DEAR LIEUT.-COL.,—You are the only man who comes out of the land of the Mesopots within the period covered by the Inquiry Commission with credit and with honour. For all you have done in exposing the "sickening horrors and appalling sufferings which were glossed over by the authorities" and in remedying the iniquitous state of affairs you exposed, your fellow countrymen everywhere thank you. Nobody, sir, can read the evidence given before the Commissioners without feeling sick at heart. Who shall have faith amid such a welter of neglect, blundering, ignorance, vacillation, arrogance, incapacity and madness? Who shall not fear that, with almost three years of bloody horror behind us, the Lords of Hell still stalk the earth because our governors fail us and our guides know not the way? Yet it must be fated that sooner or later we shall win the war, for assuredly we have done everything possible to lose it. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Lloyd George.

DEAR MADAM,—So much nonsense has been talked and written about beer that I am glad to find you joining with me in declaring that "men employed in hot munitions factories" will continue to want their beer. You say you often tell temperance workers that before they can make great headway they must find "a really satisfactory substitute for beer." And they've been trying ever since the days of Pharaoh! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Northbourne.

MY LORD,—You are a man—(beg pardon, a peer)—of two minds. Addressing the Canterbury Farmers' Club, you started well by owning that the country's first and only object is to beat the Germans. And you admitted "it was quite natural that the men who had risked their lives for the country should be entitled to vote for a Member of Parliament." That was your one mind; your good one. Then you changed it into one not so good. You asked, "Was it desirable that the whole of their army should be given votes? Did they wish that the whole strength of the country should be more or less at the mercy of the army?" I like that "more or less"; it amuses me. But I deplore your hint that the Lords may throw out the Bill if the soldiers get votes: I should be sorry for the peers to do that—sorry for the Peers.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Sydenham.

DEAR LORD SYDENHAM,—Although for some reason best known to himself the Home Secretary refused to admit the Press to the proceedings, you are to be congratulated on introducing the deputation which urged the Government so to alter the law as to convert magisterial separations into divorces after the lapse of five years. Anyone who knows anything is aware of the grave injustice, moral and social, inflicted by existing separation orders—which preclude all hope of re-marriage. As you pointed out, there are a million separated persons in this country, and the number is always increasing. They are doomed to celibacy by the law, but human nature being what it is, so-called "vice" results. Radical alterations in the divorce laws are needed, and the sooner the Government make them the better for the nation.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Foreign Secretary.

DEAR TOURIST,—Now that you are safely back from America and before you start for Hong Kong or Timbuctoo, perhaps you will pardon a word of business. Is it true that the traitor Constantine has been awarded a pension of £20,000 a year upon his compulsory evacuation of the Greek Throne? If so, who finds the money—does the British Government contribute any portion of it? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P.

SIR,—I am not surprised to find you among the objectors to giving soldiers of 19 years of age the vote. A certain "maturity and judgment" you say, is necessary for the exercise of the franchise—man enough to fight but not man enough to vote, eh? And that other political humbug, Sir C. Hobhouse, expressed the belief that a young man of 19 lacked "the civic experience necessary to enable him to record a vote of value to the country generally." What, then, of the man of 21 who has been fighting since he was 19—has he the "civic experience"? But while you deny the fighter, you vote in favour of the conscientious objector. He has the "civic experience"—oh, yes!—because he has played the craven and stayed at home. Was there ever such gross unfairness? JOHN BULL.

To Chalmers Mitchell, Esq., Zoological Gardens, London.

MY DEAR ZOO,—Do you mind telling me this: whether the Zoo, in case it is struck by aerial bombs, would not be made dangerous to the public through wild beasts roaming the streets and seeking whom they might devour, and whether any precautions have been taken against the escape of said beasts in such an eventuality? I don't quite relish the prospect of lions and tigers and hyenas and other pets wandering around loose in an excited manner. Mid pleasures and palaces though they may roam, wherever they gambol there's no place like home. JOHN BULL.

To Sir J. H. Biles, Naval Architect, Broadway Chambers, Westminster.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I admire the "nerve" which prompted you to write to the papers charging the Mesopotamian Royal Commission with incompetence. Whilst you were busy endeavouring to tinker up, at vast expense, the London steam boats—for whose original design you were responsible, and which were called in circles "in the know" by a collective name by no means complimentary to you—three steamers at Ceylon, thoroughly adaptable for work on the Tigris as hospital ships, were offered to the Indian Government, whose adviser you were, and promptly refused. As I showed many months ago, the "penny puffers," despite the money lavished on them for alterations, were absolutely useless—one actually being stopped at Plymouth by the Board of Trade as unseaworthy, another being lost with several of the crew, and the others having more or less chequered careers. The same may be said of the barges built under your direction for transporting troops up the Tigris, whilst the refrigerated barges—fitted with German-designed apparatus for preserving meat for the troops—were the laughing stock of all practical men. For cool impudence I think you take the biscuit! JOHN BULL.

THOSE EAGLES OF EMPIRE.

A CALL TO THE UNITED STATES TO AID IN THE AIR WAR.

BY A. G. HALES.

I STOOD in an English sea coast town in the early hours of a recent dawn. Peace sat with brooding wings above the homes of men and women of our race who toiled that they might live. Not one of all the stately homes of England lay within the bounds of that poor place. The rich-toned red of Elizabethan structures did not uprear themselves to front the star-encrusted skies. No grey Gothic arches, no Norman triumphs in architecture, stood silhouetted there against the skyline like silent sentinels, proclaiming to the world of friends and foes that wealth, and rank, and haughty beauty claimed that sea-washed spot as home. Yet every inch of English soil within the sweep of my eyes was endeared to us by the presence of women—wives of men who are making, or have already made, the supreme sacrifice for us amid the riot and resounding war on foreign soil. Dear to us because of the grey-haired women there who had sent their stalwart sons to keep the flag of freedom flying in the teeth of a tyrant's blood-stained power. Dear to us because within those humble homes little children slept through the still watches of the night, children whose fathers fronted death, or the grim disaster of maimed and mangled limbs, to teach a stricken world that simple manhood is the mightiest thing the red gods have left as an heirloom from the backward lying ages to the world of to-day. And over all Peace, like a benediction, drew its mantle; and sleep, the conjuror, enveloped mothers, wives, and babies, and work-worn men—drawing the heads of innocence within its magic folds, whilst safety seemed, like some sweet goddess of the old mythology, to cradle age and infancy upon the bosom of the dawn. Even the sea was stilled until its underswing stole through the encircling mists like some sweet lullaby.

Where Death Lay Lurking.

High in the air a German vulture-hound, picked its prey; a foul unhallowed thing, afraid of war, but not afraid of murder—one of those birds of ill omen that had fled in Flanders before our aerial battle craft as herons fly from hawks, ripe now for any crime—for any deed of shame—willing and eager to outrage humanity and affront High Heaven. Swifter than the avalanche that sweeps from mountain crag to cowering glen, down poured its shells, freighted with destruction. Then through the dew-bejewelled dawn out rang the rending roar that heralds wounds and pain. Like cinders dropped from Hell's own gates the red flame spurted, and humble cottage homes shook to the shock, whilst splintered iron tore through roof, and door, and window, changing the robe of peace to bloody murder, and wanton ravishing of toilers' homes. Again the cowardly fusillade tore the sentient silence to quivering tatters; the bursting shells splashed the peaceful town with red-eyed horror, whilst women clutched their babes to panting breasts, and German chivalry proclaimed itself a thing so foul the damned in Tophet would not own. It was cowardice in excelsis, wantonness out-wantoned, an ape-like wrecking of the harmless for the sake of wrecking. An orgy of revenge let loose by Huns who dared not face in open fight the men to whom those women owed, allegiance. And Britain's Government has decided there shall be no reprisals on similar towns in Germany, and "men" who back them cant of the God of Love instead of calling upon the God of Retribution and Justice. When some of England's stately homes are wrecked and proud dames of high degree are shambled in their beds, then if we do not hear the cry of "blood for blood" I shall no longer seek to sit amongst the prophets. They be very wise, these German hounds—they shamble our poor, make life's rough pathway rougher for the masses in city and by sea-side; for the poor have no power—yet; and the powerless can make no reprisals.

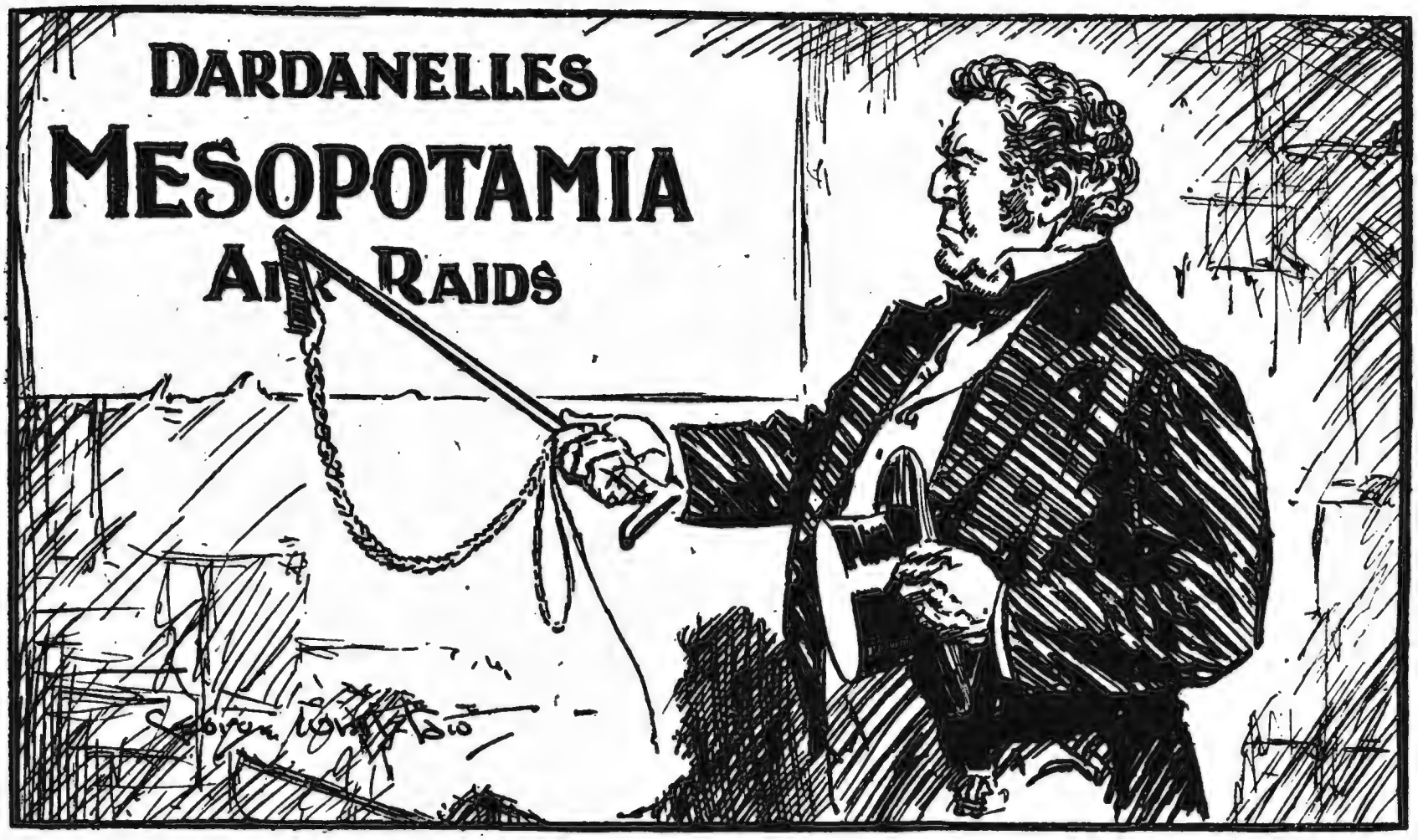
When Vengeance Awakes.

"Leave vengeance to God; He will avenge in His own good time, brother," cry those who have felt no pain. We are the instruments of God—the sword of God—or we have no business in this war. If we are God's instruments, let us smite and smite to the bone, and pay in the coin wherewith we have been paid. They who prate of God and yet talk of pity for the Devil's brood, let them go to their own—they cannot have one foot in each camp. Let a great cry go up throughout the Empire, a cry for vengeance unto the uttermost limit. Let the people clamour and demand the building of an aerial navy greater than any that has ever entered into the dreams of men—an aerial navy so vast that it will sweep the skies and over-ride all barriers, and place every town and city and seaport in Germany at our mercy. We must have an aerial navy that will enable us to root out every enemy naval base, force their skulking sea fleet into action, and wipe out the submarine menace by destroying their home nests—a fleet of the air strong enough to lay every German communal centre in ruins and bankrupt the unclean tribe. Let our aerial fleet henceforth be no mere subsidiary appanage of army and navy, but our central and most effective force for the purpose of carrying the war into Germany. Let us take the lid off Hell for them, as they have taken it off for us and our Allies. In this way we can save tens of thousands of our soldiers and sailors, and grit the teeth of our foe on the ashes he has made.

The American Eagle.

Wednesday is American Independence Day. Let us send our hearts out to the mightiest Republic the world has ever known, for once again the American people are knitted to us as bone of our bone. They have placed their shoulders under the common burden of the Allies. They cannot, they will not, look back until that burden is lifted from humanity. They are a generous people, a brave and stubborn people, by land and sea, and in the air they will battle unto the death. They have not been blooded in this shambles yet; but wait until they have gazed upon their dead laid out like forest leaves—then Germany will feel the eagle swoop of their armed millions bent on retribution. Rest assured of this: they will not draw back until the last Hohenzollern has been swept into the pit. There will be no more Kaiserism when the Americans' sword clangs home in the scabbard. But July 4, the anniversary of America's birth as a free and independent nation, let our American Allies understand and know from us that the swiftest, the surest, the cheapest path in blood and treasure to the goal of supreme and crushing victory is through the air. Let her send us her eagles, not alone on her banners, but in the air—not in tens, nor in hundreds, but in thousands! Enough of Allied blood has been shed, enough treasure won by the sweat of the workers' brows has been wasted. America, let us make an end and wipe out militarism and military caste for ever. The world has groaned under that curse long enough. Let there be no holding back of the sword in America now until the fruits of righteous vengeance have been garnered. There must be no cant—no sham sentiment, no mock religion on the other side of the Atlantic. Conjure up the immortal spirit of Lincoln, the freedom lover, and—send five thousand eagles of the air to help to crush the last stronghold of despotism.

MURDERERS—NOT MINISTERS.



"MAY GOD FORGIVE THEM—*I* CANNOT!"

BARBED WIRE FOR WOUNDED.

A BIG PUSH FOR FREEDOM IN YORKSHIRE.

Somewhere in Yorkshire, not many miles from a pretty little village called Leeds, is a hospital for soldiers, in a park and near a college. The students of the 'Varsity are haughty young fellows, looking to be of some useful age between 18 and 25, and they spend a lusty and vigorous existence in the stern pursuit of tennis. All at once they developed a tenderness for their lawn and their drive. Objecting to wounded soldiers desecrating the property with their plebeian feet, they put up a lot of posts and barbed wire right across the lawn and all around the hostels. Their drive was to be kept sacred, not polluted by the presence of common soldiers. If the barbed wire kept the nurses strictly confined to their own premises, preventing them from taking exercise or getting a breath of air—why, so much the better. That was what the University people thought. But the naughty soldiers disagreed. They had the presumption to cut and break the wire and to enter the park once more. So next day the wire was strongly repaired, the gate locked, and a lot of military police and special constables set to guard the precincts. But the British Army was not beaten. The wounded gathered from ward and from hostel. There was a Big Push in Yorkshire, and away went gate, lock, posts and wire. As one of the boys said, "The Boche wire couldn't stop us; it's not likely we'd be stopped by anything set up by a non-combatant corps!" There was trouble on the spot, but a kindly and tactful officer came and talked sensibly, asking those "rioters" to dismiss. They were quite willing to do so—if the military police and specials would dismiss first. This was done, and there was peace. We believe there is to be a Headquarters inquiry into the affair, and we hope the outcome will be a reprimand to the insufferable cads who dared to warn wounded men off a stretch of green turf. After France and fighting, and wounds and agony, to think that soldiers should be treated like prisoners behind barbed wire on the soil for which they have spilled their blood!

THE MEAT RAMP.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS TO THE FOOD CONTROLLER.

Our readers have been kept fully advised of the specious nature of the representations of a shortage of meat, put forward by the profiteers as an excuse for the exorbitant prices now being exacted from the public. At the present time there is plenty of meat in this country; the cold stores are full to overflowing, and vessels like the *Ballic* have left England with thousands of tons on board, to be taken back to America, whilst two other large liners are returning with meat cargo still undischarged. Why should the meat profiteers be allowed to keep prices up and prevent the public having the benefit of the glut? The answer is that the Government have all along played up to the American Trust. When they commandeered the meat boats and mismanaged them, they left out the Nelson Line, which bring the Swift cargoes from the Plate. Why do they allow such brokers as Weddels, Bothwicks, Vesteys and a few more to rule the market and the prices? The privileged stall-owners in Smithfield openly state that if the Food Controller endeavours to curtail their profits they will soon "do him down." Lord Rhondda should get a few practical men (not the permanent-official cranks) who have handled meat boats; the meat should be bought abroad, and, when landed, sold in open market. The monopoly of Smithfield should be abolished entirely; Government salesmen should be appointed, and middlemen and profiteers abolished. When discharged, vessels should at once be sent back to re-load—not diverted from the purpose for which they were specially designed to satisfy the greed of the managers. We have in mind the case of one sent from Swansea to Hull to coal, and ordered to London—being torpedoed on the latter passage. She should have bunkered at Swansea and gone direct out for another cargo of meat. Again, why on earth should not all these meat boats bring back from the Argentine a deck load of live cattle and sheep? Each vessel could carry from 500 to 800 bullocks and 800 to 1,000 sheep, without interfering with her frozen meat cargo.

GOD FORGI

WE CANNOT—THEY A

By THE E

NOT without mature and anxious deliberation have I penned those headlines. No responsible writer—and certainly none with the vast constituency I possess—has any right to use such words except under a sense of deep and all-compelling obligation. My chief aim for many months past has been to apply the cold douche of War Necessity to the embers of social and political revolution which I have seen simmering in every direction. In this spirit I welcomed the advent of the Lloyd George régime—well knowing its mental and its moral limitations. I knew that Mr. Asquith, the last of the old school of Balliol "statesmen," had shot his bolt—and I hailed the new era of Plebeian premiership as the only available safety valve for pent-up public feeling. And, if I thought that by blind support of it to-day I could still sustain the spirit and determination of the people, no word of hostile criticism would I pen. But when I find in office, posing as the saviours of the Empire, some of the very men who in the past have been responsible for the most damnable scandals of the war—and for the sacrifice of many thousands of precious human lives—then I include them all in my fervent expression of hope that God may forgive them, and my emphatic declaration that *we* cannot, and never will; and in my solemn declaration that they are murderers, all.

Mesopotamia.

Of course, this Report of the Royal Commission has brought things to a crisis; and did you ever read a more sinister and cynical declaration than that of Mr. Bonar Law—a member of the War Committee which stands condemned with responsibility for the tragedy—that the Government intend to take drastic measures against the guilty parties? The first thing which he and some of his colleagues must do, is to blow out their brains—if they can hit them! I know that the Commission place their responsibility last in the order of criminality, but I put it first. They were the men to whom, under a Coalition Government, we entrusted the cause of our country and the lives of its citizen soldiers. I have no desire—and, indeed, no heart—to dwell upon the revolting tragedy of the Report. It brings into focus what many of us knew—the drama of the Dardanelles fades before it. Murder—murder—murder; that is the only verdict against both civilian and military authorities. And that verdict haunts me. Not for this did I tramp the country, from end to end, sending many thousands of gallant fellows to the Colours. Believe me or not, many a night of late has my sleep—sorely needed after a strenuous day—been disturbed by the Ghosts of Gallipoli and the massacred of Mesopotamia. Heaven forbid that I ever go recruiting again! I ask forgiveness of the thousands of bereaved mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the silent dead whom I have sent to their doom. But God knows I was innocent of the incredible ineptitude of our rulers—of the puerile Party politicians and the dismal dug-outs of the Army. I can scarcely trust myself to write. I am almost persuaded to hoist the red flag of revolution—except for the fact that all history teaches us that such a remedy would be worse than the disease. No, we don't want revolution; we want *Evolution*—evolution from archaic methods of government and administration to those of sanity and efficiency. Never again let the story of Mesopotamia be written in our history. No nation could withstand it. In the name of the men who died that a Government might live, as a just retribution for the doing to death of our gallant sons and brothers slaughtered to make a politicians' gamble—sacrificed to hide the Incompetents, and cover up wicked acts of folly and negligence—I demand that the culprits in the crimes of Mesopotamia be brought to trial. We have had enough of excuses. Their deeds are black; the stench of their guilt rises. If there is any justice left in the old country, any strength in the public will, any determination in the nation's heart and mind, it is time the popular voice was heard in one mighty clamour—one great resounding shout for justice. Gallipoli, with the ghosts of its awful dead crying aloud for vengeance, has been allowed to merge its dastardly blunders, its shameful negligence, in the ensanguined rivers of war. Men whose names to-day should be but a bitter memory, whose misdeeds stink rank to Heaven, have paid not a farthing's price for their insensate folly—their blistering blunders. They still stand, arrogant and unashamed before the accusing eye of Justice. They have been allowed to go scot free; crimes of murder remain unpunished; the scales are weighed down on the side of the political miscreants, and there has been none to call them to the Bar of outraged public opinion.

The Nation Aroused at Last.

But the awful blunders, the deliberate murders of Mesopotamia, we cannot, dare not overlook. If we hope to keep our national reputation pure and to ensure the future of our Empire, built up on willing suffering, buttressed by the masonry of unquestioning patriotism, we must bring to book, we must demand trial and sentence for the men who have ruthlessly sacrificed the fresh young life of Britain and the Empire in seeking their own political ends—miserable, personal ends; who have treated our own flesh and blood as contemptible pawns in a ghastly game of chance. The country is at last aroused. In the name of country, let us then act and act quickly. For nearly three years we have excused blunderers and palliated crimes crimson with their shame. Men whom we trusted have betrayed us; names which at one time—the time of a slothful, debilitating peace—were applauded wherever the unthinking slaves of the politician met to be wooed by windy words, are to-day rotting in the decay of debased reputation. But that is not enough. Men have suffered the tortures of the damned; gallant fellows have been sent to their deaths, not with the merciful swiftness of the unerring bullet, but after undergoing fiendish agony, after enduring incredible tortures which the cynical politicians inflicted upon them. This damnable tragedy, with its toll of dead and suffering, its ghastly story of incompetence and neglect, must find

...IVE THEM!
...ARE MURDERERS, ALL!
...E EDITOR.

its complement in the dismissal for all time of these political mandarins. The men who played havoc and Hell with our soldiers, who shut their eyes to the truth because blindness was more comfortable, who quarrelled and lied rather than face the inexorable outcome of their own wickedness, cannot be allowed to continue a day longer in public life. Their immediate retirement—every man Jack of them—into a merciful obscurity, is the least penalty which will satisfy the public conscience. It is idle to put it all on Asquith. *Who were his colleagues in that War Committee which lured a gallant British force to its horrible doom*—TO SAVE ITS OWN FACE? Look up the names. I pause for a week to ponder further over the tragedy—or my pen would run away with me.

The Air Raids.

And here, too, is more bungling. I recently called for the retirement of Lord French, as a man responsible for the Defence of London, But in view of facts which have since come to my knowledge, I acquit the old soldier of all blame in connection with the recent raids. Truth to tell, I have always sympathised with this gallant officer. He was recalled from France because of his failure to break through the enemy's lines; but Haig, with all his heavy reinforcements of both men and munitions, is still grappling with the problem. Still, at first sight, I held French responsible for the appalling fact that in broad daylight a squadron of German aeroplanes was able to bombard London and return in safety. But now I know that it was the politicians alone who were to blame. I know that the wretched War Cabinet—upon which no sailor or soldier sits—requsitioned all our best flying machines, despite the strong protest of General French, a few days before the last raid—leaving London a practically undefended city against air attacks; with the result that the Germans were over within forty-eight hours! You notice that they haven't come since. It was the resignation of General French or the restoration of the commandeered squadrons. Men may tell me that that means a big advantage to the enemy in the field—but there, again, the responsibility is on those who have failed to supply the Army with an efficient Air Service. General French's job is to guard London—and he cannot do it if the War Cabinet robs him of the means. I know what I am saying, and I invite Mr. Pemberton-Billing, even at the risk of being shouted down, to press this matter upon the House of Commons. And I know something else. There is to-day a big chemical factory in Germany, working the clock round in the manufacture of the most deadly and devilish weapon of war yet employed by the Hun—shells filled with a special preparation of prussic acid gas—capable for spreading death throughout a huge area. *Those shells are intended for London.* The locality of the factory should be known to the War Office. *What steps are being taken to grapple with this peril?* Are we to wait till half London has been done to death—and then another Dardanelles-Mesopotamia Commission? I shudder at the prospect. What is the remedy? There is only one. We must reorganise our whole system of government.

The King's Position.

I have already dealt at some length with this subject. And I repeat to-day that if Revolution and its companion, Anarchy, are to be avoided, the King must come to the rescue, He is the repository of the traditions and the sentiments of the British race—and he may yet save us from ourselves. I was reading the other day a speech by the younger Pitt on Fox's motion for an Address to the Crown, in March of 1784—and this is what that wonderful man said—even in that day: "The constitution of our country is its glory, but in what a nice adjustment does its excellence consist! Equally free from the distractions of Democracy and the tyranny of Monarchy, its happiness is to be found in its mixture of parts. It was this mixed Constitution which the wisdom of our ancestors devised, and which it will be our wisdom inviolably to support. They experienced all the vicissitudes and distractions of a Republic; they felt all the vassalage and despotism of a simple Monarchy; and they abandoned both, and by blending them together extracted a system which has been the envy and admiration of the world." Well, *that* is the kind of kingship we have to-day—and which, if our Empire is to endure, we must preserve.

Power of the Throne.

Lately the King has been very active; I want to see his activities increase. The public are heartily sick—sick at heart—of the Politicians, and are groping in the dark for relief. Red flags and heads on lamp-posts are not in their line—but there is an ugly spirit abroad. As I said last week, Demos is waking up. Another Dardanelles or Mesopotamia scandal, and I would not guarantee the safety of the British Constitution. But it is not too late to avert the storm. *The King can do it.* He can dissolve Parliament—he can dismiss his Ministers; and pending the election of a new and *real* House of Commons, he could govern in Council—appointing a Special War Committee from the members of the present Privy Council—*and adding to it a few men possessing the confidence and the brains and courage necessary to see the war through.* No more Peace parleying with the enemy—no more damned nonsense about consulting the wishes of the niggers in the captured German colonies; no more fighting with four-ounce gloves—knuckle duster for knuckle duster; bomb for bomb—reprisals all along the line—Indemnities to the last farthing—War to the Death! Come, King, you can help us. While daily your Ministers are losing the confidence of your subjects and jeopardising the power and authority of Parliamentary government, you, Sir, are consolidating your strength. Your people look to you to maintain those liberties which the politicians would fritter away. The great Democracy of Britain is with you all the time, but it is being sorely tried. Get rid of the men who have been false to their trust and summon to your counsels in these grave hours those who will carry the confidence, and can ensure the fidelity, of the nation. And, meanwhile, Here's a health unto your Majesty!

FINED FOR CHARITY.

PHILANTHROPIC MAGISTRATES IN THE DOCK.

We congratulate the residents of Barton-on-Humber upon the fact that their bailiwick is entirely free from crime, and from serious breaches of the Defence of the Realm Regulations—so that the local police have time to play the fool. There is no other name for the recent proceedings at the Barton Police Court, when two Hull Magistrates, Mr. J. Wass and Mr. J. Barraclough, were charged with buying and selling potatoes at a price exceeding the legal maximum of £11 10s. per ton. Imagine the circumstances: Mr. Wass, a busy auctioneer, had given his services freely for the purposes of a public sale in aid of the British Farmers' Red Cross Society. In the course of the sale Mr. Barraclough purchased five bags of potatoes, at a price slightly exceeding the legal limit, solely for the benefit of the Red Cross funds. For the sake of technical compliance with the regulations, it was announced that the bags would be sold to the highest bidder, and the potatoes given away with the bags. But nothing would satisfy the Barton police force except dragging the auctioneer and the purchaser to Court, where the Magistrates, instead of serving out to the Superintendent of Police the wholesome snub he seems to stand badly in need of, actually convicted both defendants, and fined them 2s. 6d. each. We have said we congratulate the residents of Barton-on-Humber; but, upon reflection, we weep for them.

THE STINGY STORES.

MORE PROVIDENT FUND SCANDALS.

We notice that on Feb. 28th last the credit balance of the Employees' Provident Fund of the Army and Navy Auxiliary Co-operative Supply, Limited, amounted to the tidy little sum of £25,271 10s. 8d., all but a small fraction of this total standing "in the books of the Company." In the previous twelve months £1,748 only had been paid out in any kind of benefit to employees, the "amounts paid at death" showing a total of £91 7s. 6d. It will be remembered that all such payments, and indeed the whole administration of the Provident Fund for both branches of the Stores, is in the "absolute discretion" of the Directors, who have flatly declined to recognise their obligations towards the dependents of employees giving their lives in the service of their country. In other directions, it appears the Directors are equally niggardly. The Manager of an important department, with 38 years' service, received upon retirement a "pension" of £50 per annum—whereas, upon a liberal construction of the rules, and on every ground of equity, he was entitled to at least double this shabby sum. Such is the "absolute discretion" of the Directors, whose fees for the last financial year for the Auxiliary Society alone, to say nothing of the larger Company, amounted to £2,900.

A MEDICAL MOUNTEBANK.

FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY—A MAXIM AND A MORAL.

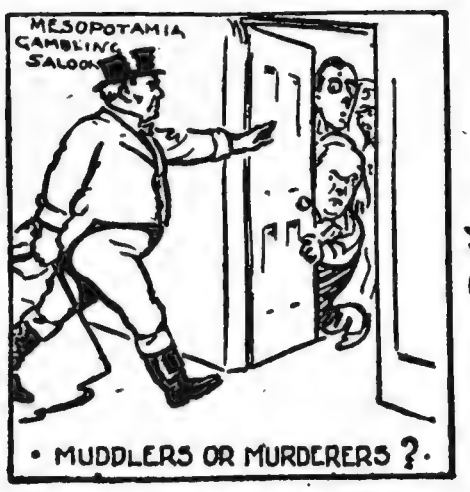
In these spacious days, when our ears are attuned to the "pleasing and sonorous sound" of Royal Proclamations and other stately appeals, it is perhaps natural that enterprising tradesmen should court the public in a similar lofty style. Therefore, when Mr. J. Holland, of 20, Silver Street, High Holborn, W.C., "Expert of Curative Medicines," sets out to laud the virtues of his "Brazilian Wafers," he proceeds not by common or garden advertisements, but by "Proclamation." With that childlike modesty which is not seldom the accompaniment of conspicuous scientific attainments, Mr. Holland will not go so far as to assert that "Brazilian Wafers"—at 25s. for a three months' course—are a cure for every ill that flesh is heir to, but claims that they are a certain specific for a variety of ailments—neurasthenia, melancholia, spinal irritation, and one or two other disabilities not commonly mentioned in drawing rooms—to say nothing of "Loss of Brain Power," an obstinate affection to which Mr. Holland's customers seem to be particularly subject. We have no more than a lay acquaintance with the scientific principles of which Mr. Holland is a qualified exponent, but we presume that persons of weak mental constitution are sifted out by a process of natural selection, the order for a "Trial Box of Brazilian Wafers" at 6s., paid in advance, being an indication only of a mild and curable form of lunancy as compared with the total idiocy implied in the purchase of 25s. worth of the rubbish at a time. This, however, is mere speculation, but certain it is that Mr. J. Holland has hit upon a picturesque plan for parting fools and their money.

A BURLESQUE OF JUSTICE.

AMAZING MAGISTERIAL PERFORMANCE AT GREENWICH.

We cannot compliment the Greenwich Magistrate, Mr. Hay Halkett, upon his handling of the case in which Jessie Ghost—a respectable woman, the wife of a soldier serving in France—was convicted of stealing a purse from Messrs. Woolworth's establishment at High Street, Deptford. There was no shadow of direct evidence against her; the prosecution chiefly resting on the fact that when challenged by Messrs. Woolworth's manager, she had declined to allow her bag to be searched—and had afterwards slipped away home while the manager looked for a policeman. Mr. Hay Halkett's procedure was a travesty of justice. In the first place, he sentenced Mrs. Ghost to a month's imprisonment "without the option," for the supposed theft of a sixpenny purse. Then someone seems to have mentioned the fact that the husband of the accused was serving at the Front, whereupon this harsh penalty was promptly commuted for a fine of 40s., "time to pay" being readily granted, and easy instalments arranged. On the whole, it looks as though a belated doubt of the woman's guilt had assailed even the mind of the Magistrate.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



That John Bull's rising wrath is real
The culprits must be made to feel;
If they in public life remain
'Twill be an insult to the slain.

The Conscientious Object, who
Sits tight while others dare and do,
Along with patriotic *men*
Is to remain a citizen!!

To ask for sugar is to be
Treated with jeers and scornery;
There's plenty in the country, but
It's distribution has gone "phut"

A, B, and C men do their best,
Each has his particular call;
But Wrigley's Gum has passed
the test:
Found Medically Fit for all.

2½d. per packet; 5 bars.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

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CONSULT "HEALTH NEWS."
(THE PENNY DOCTOR.)

Doctors are almost unobtainable at present. Luckily a good prescription will often make up for this. The penny doctor is "Health News" published monthly. It provides hints on home-treatment and translations of prescriptions which under ordinary circumstances would cost you one or two guineas each. Below is (Col. 1) a list of common ailments; (Col. 2) the formula number of suitable prescription; (Col. 3) the price of the prescription; and (Col. 4) the number of the copy of "Health News" which gives information. These copies are 1d. each. Back numbers may be consulted at the British Museum Library.

* In the Press. † See the "Wealth of Health," Price 1/3.

Name of Ailment or Subject.	Formula Number.	Prices of Prescription.	Number of Health News.
ACIDITY ..	1077	1/1½, 1/11	†
ACNE	442	1/1½, 2/-, 5/9	36
Alcoholism ..	—	—	51
ALOPECIA .. See Hair.	—	—	48, 49
Amenorrhœa..	365	1/1½, 3, 3	40
ANÆMIA, Nervousness with Constipation, Brain Fag, Lassitude			
Chlorosis .	365	1/1½, 3/3	47
Appetite, Loss of	626	1/4, 3/6	50
ARTHRITIS..	263	1/7, 5/8	53
ASTHMA .	322	1/1½, 1/11	†
Atonic Dyspepsia ..	399	1/1½, 2/8	37
BACKACHE with Nervousness	42	1/1½, 1/11 * 3/3	40
BALDNESS .. See Hair.	—	—	48, 49
BANDAGES, Suspensory ..	—	—	44
Beauty Cream..	813	1/1½, 4/-	36
BILIOUSNESS	2000	1/1½, 2/9	67*
Blackheads ..	442	1/1½, 2/-, 5/9	36
BLADDER Inflammation	1052	1/1½, 2/8	33, 41
BLOOD, Impurities in the	606	1/1½, 2/9, 8/-	62
BODY, Care of	—	—	50
BOILS	442	1/1½, 2/-, 5/9	36
BOUGIES, Surgical ..	—	—	38
Bowel Indigestion	227	1/1½, 2/9	53, 58, 49
BRONCHITIS, Chronic ..	494	1/7, 2/7	32
CATARRH, Gastric.. ..	130	1/1½, 2/8	†
CATARRH Nasal	829T	1/1½, 2, 9	48
CATHETERS	—	—	38
CHEST, Tightness of the..	331	1/1½, 1/11	66, 22
COD Liver Oil Substitutes ..	848	2/-, 4, 6	59
COLDS, Prevention of ..	579	10d., 2/3	53
Complexion Sallow.. ..	442	1/1½, 2/-, 5/9	36
Complexion, Wax	513	1/1½, 2/9	36
Constipation	2000	1/1½, 2/9	†
Consumption	—	—	†
CORNS	801	1/1½	62
Corpulency or Obesity ..	314	1/1½, 2/9	35 & †
CYSTITIS ..	282	1/1½, 2/-	33& 41
DEBILITY ..	626	1/4, 3/6	48
DIABETES ..	306	2/6, 7/6	42, 43
Dipsomania	816	2/3, 4/3	51
DOG Prescriptions	—	—	†
DRINK Cures	—	—	51
DROPSY ..	300	1/1½, 1/11	†
Dysmenorrhœa	747	1/7, 5/8	43
DYSPEPSIA, Painful ..	15	1/1½, 3/3	39
ECZEMA ..	489	1/1½, 2/9	61
ECONOMY in Medicine ..	—	—	54
Egg Producing	1074	1/7, 8/9	49
ENEURESIS..	1028	1/3	32
EPILEPSY ..	389	2/6, 5/-	40
Expectoration..	331	1/1½, 1/11	53
EYE Troubles	—	—	50& 55
FEET, Tired & Perspiring ..	525	1/1½, 1/11	50, 51
Fermentative Dyspepsia ..	1077	1/1½, 1/11	†
Flatulence	882	1/1½, 1/11	†
Gastric Catarrh	130	1/1½, 2/8	†
Glands, Swollen	606	1/1½, 2/9, 8/-	62
GLYCOSURIA See Diabetes.	—	—	42& 43
GOUT	72	1/3, 3/9	†
GRAVEL ..	320	2/6	59
Hæmorrhoids	394	1/1½, 2/9	39
HAIR, Grey	906	2/-	57, 64
HAIR, Loss of	905a	2/7, 4/7	48, 49
HAIR, Superfluous	981	1/1½, 2/9	63
HEALTH for Middle-aged	—	—	38
HEART, Palpitation .. Digitalis, &c.	632	1/1½, 2/9	46
HEARTBURN	1077	1/1½, 1/11	†
HERNIA ..	—	—	50
INDIGESTION	882	1/1½, 1/11	†
Intestinal Fermentation ..	254	1/1½, 1/11	50
JAUNDICE ..	2000	1/1½, 2/9	†
Kidney Troubles	—	—	†
Leucorrhœa ..	856T	1/1½, 1/11	56
LICE:	318	1/3, 3/-	36
LIFE, How to Live Long ..	—	—	42, 54
LIFE, Long Life Food ..	39	1/8, 3/3, 6/-	42
Liver Troubles	2000	1/1½, 2/9	†
LUMBAGO ..	295	1/-, 1/6	42
Menorrhagia..	865	1/10	53
Nasal Catarrh	829T	1/1½, 2/9	48
NERVOUS Debility ..	470T	1/7, 5/8	48
NERVOUS Dyspepsia ..	1039	1/1½, 2/8	* †
Neuralgia ..	883	1/9, 6/6	†
Neurasthenia	470T	1/7, 5/8	48
NEURITIS ..	263	1/7, 5/8	60
NOSE, Red ..	821	1/3, 2/3	41
OBESITY ..	314	1/1½, 2/8	36†
ORCHITIS ..	895	1/1½, 1/11	46
Palpitation ..	632	1/1½, 2/9	46
Pancreatic Disease ..	612	1/4, 4/3	51
PETROLEUM Medicinal ..	169	2/-, 4/-	59
Perspiring Feet	525	1/1½, 1/11	50, 51
PESSARIES, Surgical ..	—	—	47
Phosphaturia	895	1/1½, 1/11	60
PIMPLES ..	442	1/1½, 2/-, 5/9	36
Plant & Potato Fertilising Food	898	1/7, 2/7, 3/10	52
POULTRY Prescriptions ..	—	—	†
PROSTATITIS	282	1/1½, 2/-	35
PSORIASIS ..	850	1/3, 3/-	†
RASH	606	1/1½, 2/9, 8/-	36, 61, 62
Rheumatism..	74	1/1½, 1/11	†
RICKETS ..	1063	1/11, 3/3	42
SALLOWNESS	442	1/1½, 2/-, 5/9	36, 61, 62
SCALDING ..	1052	1/1½, 2/8	†
SCIATICA ..	263	1/7, 5/8	35
SCURF or DANDRUFF	598	1/1½	44
Summer Colds	829T	1/1½, 2/8	50
SKIN, Health of the	—	—	49
Sleeplessness..	32	1/1½, 2/8	†
SORE Throat	1054	1/1½, 1/11	†
STOMACH, Enlarged ..	784T	1/1½, 2/8	37
STOMACH, Indigestion ..	532	1/1½, 1/11	†
STRICTURE, Urethral ..	1052	1/1½, 2/8	38
TEETH, Care of	—	—	51
TEETHING in Children ..	503	1/1	†
THINNESS ..	552	1/1½, 2/9, 8/-	37
THROAT and Ear Troubles	—	—	39
Thyroid Gland	—	—	61
Tobacco Heart	632	1/1½, 2/9	44
Toilet Hints..	—	—	43
Tomato Fertilising Food ..	923	1/6, 2/6, 3/6	52
Trench Vermin	318	1/3, 3/-	56
TRUSSES ..	—	—	50
Tuberculosis	—	—	†
Ulcers, Callous	—	—	34
URETHRITIS	282	1/1½, 2/-, 5/9	63
Urine, Analysis	—	—	60
Vanishing Cream	813	1/1½, 4/-	†
VEGETABLE Fertiliser ..	898	1/7, 2/7, 3/10	52
Veins, Varicose	—	—	46
VOMITING ..	—	—	44
Warm Weather Tonic ..	626	1/4, 3/6	†
WRINKLES	20	1/1½, 2/9	39, 57

The above literature and prescriptions may be obtained post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from.—

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63 (Dept. J.B.2), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E. 3.

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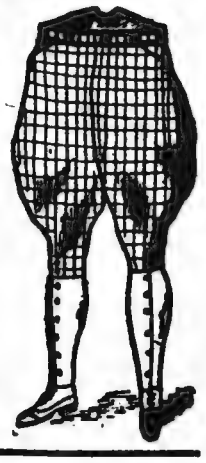

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD NEWTON.

Mornin', sir. . . . *Shaving?* Very good, sir—if you like to risk it . . . *Wot do I mean?* Well, I'm a bit nervy an' shaky this mornin': 'ave been, since the raid on the City an' the East End . . . No, sir, it ain't as I'm frightened. I dessay I ain't no more scared than the next man. But I'm *indignant*, sir—that's the word: *indignant*. . . . I'm shakin' like a bloomin' ashpan. So if I shaves you it must be at yore own risk. . . . *Wot's the cause of me indignation?* Now, *need* you awsk, sir? Ain't the 'orrible 'Uns bin slaughterin' our wimmin an' children like flies, an' gettin' orf scot free, or pritty nearly? And ain't there thousands of the stinking German scum still loose in England to-day—bakers, barbers, an' wot-not—makin' good money, an' gorgin' like dirty swine? I tell yer, it makes me blood boil w'en I think of it, and it made it boil over w'en I read wot Lord Newton sed in the Upper 'Ouse the other day. . . *Wot's Lord Newton sed or done?* Arsk yerself the question, sir. Didn't chew read 'is remarks? 'E sed 'e "considered it better to employ a respectable German".— *respectable*, minjer, as if there was any!—"makin' breed than keepin' 'im cooped up be'ind barbed wire doin' nothink." . . . 'E also sed 'e "was not ashamed to say 'e 'ad employed some of them aliens." "*Respectable German*"! Did jew ever 'ear sich a thing? I tell yer—from the 'ighest—'oo I s'pose is the murderous, bullyin', blasphemin' 'All 'Ighest—to the lowest, they're all putrid, and ain't fit to breathe the same air as civilised people. Most of them were dirty spies before the wore. There certainly ain't no need to keep them "doin' nuthink" be'ind barbed wire. There's plenty of dirty jobs they could be given, wot would soot their nature an' make 'em feel at 'ome. The thing is, that they oughter be shut up so as they carn't do no more mischief, or insult Britishers by walkin' about loose like ordinary decent human bein's. An', Lord Newton or no Lord Newton, *it's gotter be done.* The public won't stand it no longer, an' 'is lordship oughter be ashamed of 'isself for sayin' wot he did, w'en pore little London nippers were lyin' mangled an' dead in the East End mortuaries . . . *Am I aware you are Lord Newton 'isself?* I wasn't, but I am now. And I'm dam'd glad to know it. You'd better take notice of wot I've sed, me lord. If you don't, there'll be trouble. I know 'ow the public are feelin', an' wot they're thinking . . . Oh, you can drop the money in that Red Cross box. Good mornin' . . .

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

BABY WEEK.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*hastily*): This is a smoking carriage, madam.

WOMAN (*with baby, stepping in deliberately*): Oh, I don't mind.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: I was thinking of the baby.

WOMAN (*cheerfully*): Oh, 'e won't mind. 'E's used to 'is father smokin'.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: What I mean is, these smoking carriages are supposed to be kept free from babies. There are plenty of non-smokers on the train. You should have got in one of them—

BABY: Yow-ow-ow-yah!!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*loudly*)—and not bring your squalling infant where it's not wanted!

WOMAN: Hush! Didums, then! T'chk-t'chk! There's a precious! You mustn't be 'ard on the babies, sir. You was one yourself once, remember.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*with suppressed fury*): I'm aware of that, madam. I'm perfectly aware of that. But I am given to understand I was a quiet and well-behaved infant, not given to intruding in smoking carriages and making hideous noises.

BABY: Yar-ah-ah-yow-ow-ow!

WOMAN: H'sh! W'chk-t'chk! Go seeps, then. 'E's tired, that's what it is, sir. No wonder, after two hours in the procession. You might 'old 'im a minute while I get 'is bottle outer me bag, sir.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*recoiling in terror*): *Hold* him? I'll be—! Not for an instant, madam! Your husband ought to be ashamed of himself for allowing you to travel alone with your child unless you are capable of looking after it yourself.

WOMAN (*quietly rocking the baby*): 'E's at the Front, sir, doin' 'is bit.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*awkwardly*): H'm! Er—hand me the child; but you must show me how to hold him.

WOMAN: No, the other end up, sir. That's it. Just a minute while I get 'is bottle. Look, 'e's laughin' at you, sir!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (*gratified*): So he is—so he is! He's a very fine child, ma'am, Very.

WOMAN (*sympathetically*): You don't 'appen to 'ave none yourself, sir?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (confused): I?—er—no, not that I'm aware of.

WOMAN: That's a pity, sir. You'd make a good father, I'm sure. Mind openin' the door, sir? Sorry I brought the baby into a smoker. But I was in a 'urry.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN: Not at all, not at all. It's been a pleasure. Good-day, ma'am, good-day. And take care of that bonny child . . . Confound it, I quite miss the little squaller. I wonder whether . . . (*Left wondering.*)

PRINTER'S PIE.

"NUGGET LIBRARY":—

"Penal servitude FOR LIFE was the sentence that they received . . . Both DIED in gaol BEFORE THEIR SENTENCES WERE HALF SERVED."

"NORTHERN ECHO":—

"The 'Court Circular' states that the King . . . left Buckingham Palace last evening on a tour of inspection in AUSTRIA."

"SHIELDS DAILY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—

"— Foot Bath makes your feet TIRED, SORE, SWOLLEN—Oh! So Easy!"

"BOOTLE TIMES" (advertisement):—

"Flower Day and Street Collection TO-MORROW, SATURDAY, JUNE 23RD . . . Collecting boxes may be obtained at the Central Fire Station . . . ANY TIME NEXT WEEK."

"DAILY MAIL":—

"Goats' CHEESE is tasty and nourishing, and more easily made than butter; and in winter time the humblest of sheds will suffice for ITS SLEEPING PLACE."

"PENDLETON REPORTER" (advertisement):

"—— ——, FAMILY BUTCHER . . . All meat slaughtered on the premises . . . CREMATIONS."

"HOYLAKE AND WEST KIRBY NEWS" (letter to the Editor):—

"There are many surprises of an encouraging nature which come along our way. One this week was from AN OLD AND WELL TRIED FRIEND, A LARGE SALMON."

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"We have all been used as Mediums for different intelligences. They draw or bring various things to them in the same room from goodness knows where. Is it not possible for this to happen with many minds fixed on Air Raids and Insurance, to help to draw Zepps, etc., through space?"

"In thinking over the matter of reprisals, I came across the 15 Chapter of Judges, 4 and 5 verses. Now, sir, don't you think it would be possible to bring Sampson's exploit up to date? Thus, if we were to trap a large number of foxes, for this purpose, train our airmen before the next harvest in Germany in the art of releasing them from aeroplanes, in this way each aeroplane could take a dozen foxes up in collapsible boxes, and could fly low down and release them with a cord. Now, as a fox will run from 15 to 20 miles, it is quite evident the amount of damage one would do when it got nicely on the run."

A 15/- FOUNTPEN for 5/-

John Bull's Latest Gift Pen.

FILLS ITSELF INSTANTLY.

Equal to Pens usually sold at 15/-. Cannot leak or get out of order. Fitted with extra Heavy 14-ct. solid Gold Nib iridium tipped.

With 1 coupon, 6/-
With 18 coupons, 5/-
Postage, 2d.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(July 7, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

Votes, Votes, Votes!

In Parliament the other day considerable fuss was made because six Conscientious Objectors were sent out to France. These men had refused to perform any military duty, and had each received six months' imprisonment, but the Unseen Hand had them released in less than half the time. They again refused duty and were sent out to work in France, not in the fighting line. Somebody in Parliament appears to have wigged the Army Council, and the Army Council has wigged the General who ordered the men abroad. We have two full divisions of conscientious cowards whom we are feeding and clothing, and who are of no use to the Empire; but they must be petted by the politicians, as a large proportion of them and their friends have votes. But why not leave such skunks to the tender mercies of the wives of our Tommies?

Robbing the Officer.

Will the civilian believe that an officer who has served on promotion and has been reverted to his former rank, is compelled to refund the difference in the pay between a lieutenant and captain, or whatever the respective ranks may be? We know of officers who have been so reverted, and who have had to repay to his Majesty's Treasury from £50 to £100. We wonder if the officers have any friends in Parliament.

Rampageous Ripon.

We wish somebody would look after Ripon Camp. Without going too closely into detail, we may say that things are so uncomfortable, and the treatment of the soldiers such, that men hurry through their drills as quickly as possible so that—although they are not actually fit—they may requalify for service at the front. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

Knocking 'Em at Knockaloe.

The men guarding our German friends at Knockaloe, in the Isle of Man, complain that while the Hun is enjoying a hot meal with the farmer and his family, poor Tommy has to sit outside and eat a very short ration of bully beef. But do not the baby-killers get most-favoured-nation treatment everywhere? The troops are going thin with hunger—but, although the General made a bobbery about this matter, things have not improved. Tommy would be better off inside the barbed wire Elysium.

An Improvement at Sheppey.

We are glad to have received an assurance from the men on the Isle of Sheppey that, thanks to our recent paragraph, matters have been much improved. So John Bull continues to do good, notwithstanding the fact that officers on the daily parades warn the men not to write to us under pain of Court Martial. More about Sheppey later.

The Last Straw.

The 11th Royal Scots Fusiliers were returning to Deal camp the other day, after exercise, one of their number—like his chums, in full marching order—carrying a machine gun on his shoulder. The men with rifles only were supposed to pick up spades on the way back to camp, but a sergeant ordered the poor fellow, who was staggering under the weight of the machine gun, to do likewise. As the man is in category C.—which means that he is little removed from the status of a hospital patient—he could not do it. On his return, however, he was put in the guard room and next morning was given 28 days' detention. This soldier, by the way, was invalided home from Gallipoli. The Colonel could not have given a patient hearing to the case.

A "Grantully" Grouse.

The crew of H.M.A.T. *Grantully Castle* tell us that, when proceeding on leave, they are not handed their ration allowance, the hard cash being kept on board instead of being placed in their pockets. As many of the hands are married men, they ought to be given the money when going ashore.

Grabbing the Gramophone.

Last year, Lord Howe distributed gramophones to different ships, and we hear from one minesweeper that when the instrument was put on board her it was grabbed by the officers, who explained to the crew that the latter could not have it as they were not in a position to buy pins or records for it. We are afraid there is too much of this kind of thing in the service.

Jack's Leave.

Before Christmas, Chatham naval men were granted week-end leave every fortnight. Now the sailors get a spell off once a month, and must proceed to London by a slow train, as the fast one is reserved for civilians. They arrive in the metropolis well after 7 p.m., and have to catch the 5.30 back from Victoria next morning. Perhaps the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore will consider if he could stretch a point and let the men have from Friday night till Monday—particularly as there is practically no work doing during the week-end.

From the Mediterranean.

A big bevy of bluejackets on patrol service at Malta ask why the men doing these duties in Italy should be granted abundant leave, while the Maltese men get very little. We, naturally, cannot answer this question—so leave it to the Admiralty.

Piling It On.

The Navy and Army Canteen Board have taken over the job of provisioning the torpedo and other small craft. We are sorry to see, on comparing their price list with that of the contractor who formerly supplied the vessels, that the tariff has been raised against the sailor, although no counterbalancing increase has been made in his victualling allowance. Is the Committee out to fleece the bluejacket?

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Creating Paupers.

There is something wrong in the machinery designed to look after the dependents of the men who have to go into khaki. Take a typical case: A widow's only son is her sole support. On enlistment he makes out a form stating that he allowed his mother so much a week while in civilian life. A Pensions officer sees her and puts all kinds of impertinent questions in order to find out if the soldier's statements are true. He then goes to the man's employer and acts as inquisitor towards him. Finally he reports to some hidden department—we believe the Customs. We are not exaggerating when we say that it takes on an average two months to put through the dependent's claim, and in the meantime the poor woman is left to starve or enter the workhouse. We have helped many such cases, but the strain is too much for our Fund. We say, without hesitation, that next to the Mesopotamia revelations, this is the greatest scandal of the war.

The Won't Works.

We regret that there is no diminution in the number of discharged men, at Rowton Houses and such places, who prefer cadging to doing honest work. They come to us in droves, and are invariably turned empty away. We have no use for the drone, even though he has worn khaki.

Soldier—Now Hawker.

Discharged after the Boer War on a very small pension, which is smaller even than the pensions given to-day, an old warrior visited us. He has to eke out an existence as a hawker, and having been ill for some weeks had no money for stock—but we have turned him once more into a full-blown kerb merchant.

Facts for Fulham.

We regret to note that the back parts of Fulham are in such a stricken condition, particularly Lilley Road. We are also sorry to say that when a genuine case in the same district is helped, the neighbours bombard us with applications—but fortunately for our little Fund, though unfortunately for the applicants, on making even a cursory investigation we discover that their claims are not genuine. We trust that this hint will be taken.

A Soldier Son's Appeal.

A boy soldier wrote to us from the Front on behalf of his mother and two sisters, who are existing on separation allowance amounting to 7s. 0d. a week. The family was naturally in great distress, but we have set them right.

From a Wounded Man.

"Thanks. I am lying here wounded, and thank you for sending the amount of fare for my wife to come to visit me. I heartily thank you and the subscribers to your Fund." We are sure those who contributed will be glad to know that their money has been so well bestowed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Part Proceeds of 'Go as You Please Concerts,' British Convalescent Depot, Trimulgherry" (per C. W. H.), £21 9s. 4d.; N. L. (Bonnyrigg), 10s.; W. P. (Thorp), 1s.; J. H. J., 2s. 6d.; "Voluntary Fireman" (Huntingdon), 6s.; W. H. (W. Melton), 2s.; A. C. (Harrogate), 1s.; "Addie," 6d.; P.S.B.K., 7s. 6d.; Mrs. S. A. B., 1s.; F. K., 2s. 10d.; R. H., 2s.; R. D. (Thornton Heath), 2s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; J. W. (Harringay), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. (Edenbridge), 2s. 6d.; H. P. (Fulham), 7s.; S. J. A., £10; B. W., 10s.; Pte. J. R., 2s.; A. S. E. (S. Norwood), 1s.; "Poor Grimbarion," 5s.; C. R. (Worthing), 5s.; M. P. (Acton), 1s.; G. A. L. (Mt. Ngwibi), £1 10s.; B. L. H., 6d.; M. L. B. K., 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Four Little Boys," 4s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. L. (Liverpool), 2s.; A. J. (Leytonstone), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. L., 2s.; Mrs. B. (Barking), 2s.; "Bridge (s.s. *Edavana*)," £2; Mrs. H. McC., 5s.; s.s. *Birkhall* (per H. B. S.), £5 10s.; D. S. C., 2s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, 19s.; "Iyo," 10s.; "A Thank-offering," 5s.; J. S. (Manchester), 1s.; Lieut. A. M., 9s.; T. L. R., 6d.; J. C., 6d.; Mrs. E. D. (Denmead), 2s. 6d.; H. R. G. (Perak), 10s.; H. E., 6d.; Mrs. M. R., 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Kat's Eye," 10s.; "Two Sempers," 5s.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; H. B. I. and M. W., 5s.; Miss D. W., 1s.; "Worried," 1s.; "Peter's Mother," 2s. 6d. and parcel; Mrs. S. A. J., 6d.; Weekly Collection C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 17s.; "In Gratitude," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. 6d.; Collected in 2nd Section, Corporals' Mess, 4th Cav. Supply Col., B.E.F., £1; Sgt. E. B., 4d.; Pte. W. F. (Salonika), 4s. 9d.; Mrs. M. M., 1s. 6d.; J. B. (Bangalore), 1s. 8d.; H. D. S. (Dundee), 1s. 1d.; Mrs. E. W. (Clapham), 6d.; "Gladdie," 4s.

Mr. H. Parris, the winner of the First Prize in our 241st "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

By authority of The Ministry of Food

Quaker Oats is imported to be sold under license of the Food Controller at a price not exceeding 9½d. for the 2-lbs. (gross) packet and 5d. for the 1-lb. (gross) packet throughout the United Kingdom.

It is requested that any cases where higher prices are charged be reported to—

The Secretary, QUAKER OATS Ltd.,
11/12, FINSBURY SQ., LONDON, E.C. 2.

Quaker Oats

BEFORE THE 'SCRAPE' ALL THE 'BIG GUNS' USE

Gibbs's Shaving Soap

Send 2d. in stamps for trial sample to D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd., Dept. T.), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.

WHEN YOU SUFFER.

ANTIKAMNIA QUICKLY RELIEVES ALL ACHES AND PAINS.

TRIAL BOXES FREE TO-DAY.

Send your name and address to-day (a postcard will do), to address below, and you will receive free of charge a presentation trial box of Antikamnia Tablets.

With the box you will also receive an interesting booklet which tells how you may quickly relieve all pain due to :—

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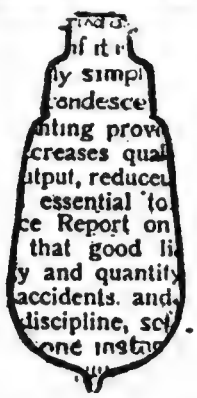
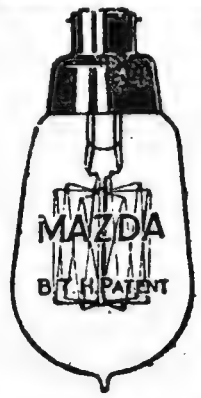
Dr. ROBBINS says:—"I have found them especially valuable for all kinds of headaches and neuralgic pains. They are especially useful for women, and no remedy gives greater relief than Antikamnia Tablets in all conditions known as 'Women's Aches and Ills.'"

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe; they will not upset the system, and have no unpleasant after-effects, so don't forget to send for your free supply to-day and cut short your unpleasant symptoms.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. If you will send your name and address (a postcard will do) asking for samples and further particulars to Antikamnia Dept. (A. 28), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet and further particulars absolutely free of charge.





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which every perfect Electric Lamp bears on its bulb. The name Mazda on an Electric Lamp assures you the most brilliant lighting effects, as well as the most durable and most economical service.

Obtainable of all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

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DUTTON'S 24-HOUR SHORTHAND.

FIRST LESSON FREE.

You can completely acquire the theory of Dutton's Shorthand in 24 hours. This modern, simple high-speed system consists of 29 characters and six abbreviating rules only.

In the recent shorthand contest for novices, cheques for £25 were paid by "The Daily News" to two lady students who passed a test of 100 words a minute after only eight weeks' study of an hour or two daily.

Shorthand at Marconi House.

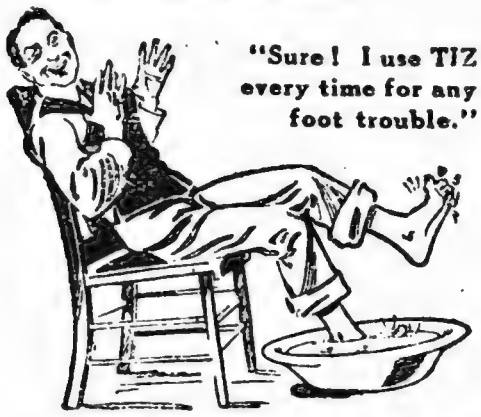
A 15-year-old student recently wrote:—"I am learning Wireless Telegraphy at Marconi House, and you have no idea how useful your shorthand is for taking down lectures, etc. As I can report an average speaker, I get down four times as much as the boys who write the ordinary longhand."

Dutton's Shorthand is now accepted in all Government Offices, and there are many vacancies waiting to be filled at good salaries. 250 Women Clerks are wanted weekly for service in France.

A First Free Lesson, a comparison of the Dutton with the Pitman, Sloan-Duployan and Gregg systems, particulars of the Day and Evening Classes conducted at the new London Branch, 92 and 93, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. (4 doors west of the British Museum) and of the unique *postal* course of tuition will be forwarded to every reader sending stamp to Dutton's Business College, Desk J, Skegness.

Can't beat "TIZ" when Feet Hurt

"Ah! Nothing like TIZ for sore, tired, pu'fed-up, perspiring feet, corns or chilblains."



"Sure! I use TIZ every time for any foot trouble."

You can be happy-footed just like me. Use TIZ, and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired feet. TIZ and only TIZ takes the pain and soreness out of corns, hard skin, chilblains, bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a TIZ bath you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. TIZ is grand. TIZ instantly draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, perspiring feet.

TIZ is a welcome addition to the soldier's parcel at the Front.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sufferers who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

"A PATRIOT" (London).—Why worry because the present Premier is a Welshman? Provided he led us to victory, we should not care if he was a tailless Manxman. We are all British nowadays.

E. G. E. (Southampton).—Those superhypocrites who would have us refrain from reprisals for the sake of preserving so-called "clean hands," must have muddy minds.

J. S. (Londonderry).—"The Sinn Feiners want a Republic and nothing else will satisfy them." Well, well—wait till you hear our "plan."

MRS. M. P. (Gloucester).—With our compliments, you may deny the rumour that the ex-Czar of Russia has arrived in England. He is far more likely to take lodgings at Potsdam.

E. B. (Gateshead).—"Can nothing be done to prevent the Government taking another foolish step?" Nothing within the limits of the sixth commandment.

S. A. B. (Royston).—At present, the "great evil of drink" lies in the fact that there's not enough beer to go round.

M. D.—No, the Kaiser never called himself "The Almighty All-highest God." Give the dirty devil his due. He knew that would be a little too thick, even for his fool Prussians.

P. & E. B. (Ponders End).—"Is it legal for large firms to lower girls' wages in times like these?" Yes, conscience or no conscience.

"PEACE" (Leicester).—You ought to have six months for those sentiments; and if we were the magistrate we should be too Grimm for you to get Hoffman.

"JEMIMA" (Hereford).—If you think you are going to get a whole pound of sugar because you grow a blackcurrant bush, you are a pound out.

"PRIVATE" (Lincoln), who has done his bit and achieved a wooden leg, wants to know if he can be called up for re-examination. Certainly. There are Medical Boards who would pass him A 1, even if he had two wooden legs.

L. C. (Wandsworth).—The milkman who sells six quarts for ice cream and says he can't supply a pennyworth for sick babies, should be talked to by a deputation of mothers.

L. C. (Cork).—"The *Untied* Kingdom" was a funny printer's error, but we aren't really untied. Only in a bit of a knot.

G. C. (Hampstead).—"If David could have been brought before the Kaiser to comfort him, what would David have done?" Perchance sung a psalm or smote the lyre.

A. W. (Balham).—Lord Devonport put sugar almost entirely in the hands of the big multiple shops. Lord Rhondda may order matters more equitably.

L. B. (Tonbridge).—"Why cannot all nurses be treated the same?" Sure, we don't know. Of course they are not all equally good looking.

"ADMIRER" (Gorton).—We dare a lot, but draw the line at differing from four dictionaries as to the pronunciation of the word "Acceptable."

"A WIFE OF THE POSTAL MEN NOW SERVING."—Only of one of them, we hope. We agree the P.O. have not treated you generously.

"JACK FAIRPLAY" (Chelmsford).—You are "glad to notice" that we "do not advertise the Aubert Park gramophone business." But we do—as a first-class swindle.

F. W. G. (Melton Mowbray).—"Please excuse me addressing you in pencil." Certainly; if you had used a pen with equal vigour, we should have been in a devil of a mess.

R. W. G. (Weyburn, Sask.).—We do think that the smell of khaki is a finer incense than anything the Rev. Ramsay Murray can offer up at All Saints' Church, Bedford.

"READER" (Nantwich).—"Do those people who are doing the talking eat the concoction they call bread?" All we can say is that, if they do, they will be crusty.

REV. W. (Slough).—We note that your sermon made a worm squirm. Think the Army will hook him?

H. A. (Folkestone).—It is a mistake to tell a Judge he is a "damned liar," especially by post-card. There are more discreet ways of conveying the information.

"A LOOKER ON" (Bradford).—Sorry to hear that many Bradford policemen appear too tired to carry their feet. That may be because there are so few evil-doers in Bradford for them to chase that they get stiff in the pastern joints. They get no practice running-in enemy aliens, as *they* are sacrosanct in the town.

"AMBLECOTE" tells us that, while lying ill by roadside in France, a soldier "lost" his double body-shield. As he is wounded, but must soon return, the finder should send shield to us like a Briton. "Pte. W. H. C., 4918" is stamped in 16 places.

MISS M. P. (Dunstable).—Offering to join V. A. D. (unpaid) you told Devonshire House you had no photo to send; after five weeks they ask you to send one. Just like the minnies. Now, if they had asked you to call and show your pretty face—!

J. G. B. (Assam).—"Do you know any well-to-do person who would act as a patron to a brilliant student dogged by monetary misfortune." "Brilliant" is good. All the same the answer is, We don't.

"A READER" (Armfield Plain).—"A rodney, in Durham, is a man who will not work regularly. Old coke-ovens were Rodney ovens, tended by casual labourers, who lived about the ovens, eating and sleeping there." So perhaps now we know.

W. S. (Aylesbury).—We note the newspaper announcement, "J. W. Killer, Successor to H. L. Nippin, Monumental Works." Curious that in such a business Killer should nip in when Nippin nips out.

MRS. HARTLEY (37, Springfield Road, Morley, nr. Leeds) would be grateful for facts concerning death, in Mesopotamia, of her son, Pte. E. Hartley, E. Lanc. Regt.

"CAPTAIN" (Grantham).—Sorry to hear of your difference with a local bank. Perhaps the manager might have been more reasonable if you had stood him a drink.

"MUNITIONS" (Newcastle) says that the Government ought to brew more beer. They are doing it—otherwise they would have been brewing trouble.

F. E. C. (Clapton Park).—You say your prophecies are already beginning to come true. If you are not careful, the police will be after you for "propheteering."

W. H. (Coventry).—That's right, sonny. You'll feel lots better now you've coughed it up.

"CROOKES" (Sheffield).—As you say, it was "funny" that the rats should have eaten the food and left the label; although it would have been a jolly sight funnier if they had eaten the label and left the food.

A. H. H. (N.S.D. Revue Company).—"Potatoes to be had in plenty, 'pubs' open all day, no restrictions as to treating, railway fares as before the war." All this in Ireland, yet the blighters are not satisfied. Tut-tut—likewise, pish!

L. J. S. (Kennington).—It is customary for instructors in bayonet fighting to encourage men to yell when charging at the sacks, but swearing is not usually insisted on. That comes by nature when in actual combat, for our men always "swore horribly in Flanders."

MRS. E. C. (Ashford).—"I do wish we could scrap all the professional people." We wish we could scrap all the depressed people.

"SMITH" (Wallsend).—Smite while the iron is hot, but don't look so black-Smith.

B. L. (Winton) says that her husband sees dozens of dogs in Winton which are never let loose. Their owners ought never to be let loose.

ELSIE E. T. (Sheffield).—The "five arms of war" consist of the Infantry, the Cavalry, the Artillery, the Navy, and the Aircraft. There is a sixth arm, which Tommy and Jack alike reserve to place around the waist of their charmers.

"INMATE" (Sittingbourne).—The sister who lowered the Union Jack over soldiers' hospital during air raid evidently thought it might otherwise act as a mark.

F. L. (Clacton).—"An aerial torpedo dropped from an enemy machine and fell in the mud, which did not explode." Mud seldom does.

J. R. (Weymouth).—"Print the enclosed verse and send me a JOHN BULL pen for it, and I will forward the other verses." To stop you sending the other verses, the price of a pen—to you—will be £1,000.

W. H. CLARKE (Hampton, Middlesex) tells us that a recent correspondent did not receive the seeds for which he had paid owing to a fire having in May last destroyed the offices and warehouses. Complaints of non-delivery of goods from the Nurseries have, however, been reaching us for many months—in fact, exactly a year ago we told a correspondent that he was not the only one who had written us on the subject.

"GERTRUDE" (Stockton).—"If they want to save flour, why don't they make the fish-shops fry without batter?" Presumably because the batter makes the twopenny pieces look as if they are worth fourpence.

MRS. H. (Aberdovey).—Being at the seaside does not excuse you from paying proper wages to girls whom you employ in domestic service.

G. W. B. (Downham Market).—*If* the Y.M.C.A. have supplied prizes for sports by German prisoners, many subscribers would object to the money being so spent.

"BELIEVER" (London, W.C.), complains of naked boys being allowed to bathe in the Serpentine while "women and girls stroll through the grounds in spite of being requested not to do so." Perhaps they shut their eyes.

J. B. (Bradford).—"Oh, if I were an aeroplane, I'd fly to peace, I wot." And if you were a poet, you wouldn't write such rot.

F. W. P. (Shoreditch).—Received picture postcard showing you standing in shop doorway under the legend, "Tribunal Sale. Selling up and closing up to join up. The only English single-handed Tobacco Business in Shoreditch."

JOHN PIKE (c.o. Natl. Cinemas Corpn., 64, Charlotte Street, W. 1) is a discharged soldier who wants to give lessons in any of four languages.

R. F. (Liverpool).—Your letter to hand, but afraid we cannot "publish a copy of the other side." If you had left it blank, we might have managed it.

S. B. (Morecambe).—You write in riddles, and we are no good at guessing. Try us with a straight one.

"AN ENGINEER'S WIFE" (Birkenhead).—You take us to task so sweetly that we could almost find it in our heart to err again. That is if we did err—which we are not prepared to admit.

H. W. (South Coast).—If the Creator had intended man to remain idle on the seventh day of each week—which, properly, is Saturday, not Sunday—He would have arranged for the suspension of Nature's multifarious operations on that day also. By the way, do you read your Monday's paper—printed on Sunday?

E. J. (Ipswich)—"He says you must have it given to you before you can gain 100 per cent., according to the London Chamber of Commerce." He is right. We have answered the question dozen of times.

R. G. B. (Grimsby).—"Will they pass me if I suffer so with corns?" Yes, also if you suffered so with bunions as big as Spanish onions and there never were such funny 'uns.

DRIVER W. H. H. (C. F. A., Letchworth).—The young lady in fancy dress as JOHN BULL makes a fine figure. As she works at munitions and has five brothers at the front, she is as noble as she is nice.

"MR. J. F." (Portsmouth).—"This letter is only a breaf out line of what my next will contain it will be put in sections." It will be put in the basket.

"FAE."—"Let me know if you would like another letter from me and you will promise not to give me away." Don't know anybody who would have you as a gift.

MESSRS. BAKER BROS., HALFORD AND CO. (Leicester, etc.) wish us to state that they are in no way connected with the Nottingham firm of Baker, Halford and Son.

"LONDONER."—You wrote under a misapprehension; while on holiday railway men are, we are assured, allowed "foreign passes" over other lines, paying a quarter fare.

PRIVATE H. M. T. (Macclesfield).—Thanks for your suggestion. You will see we have made considerable additions to our "Bullets" cash prizes this week.

M. C. B. (Staple Hill).—Thanks for your neat communication. If you could lend your typewriter to some of our other correspondents, it might save them from wearing out their kitchen pokers.

H. W. J. (Derby) and OTHERS.—Your kind donations for the benefit of Mrs. Tatfield, the soldier's blind widow, have been forwarded through the National Institute for the Blind, who have interested themselves in her case. Money was given by them to the poor woman for immediate necessities, and a cheque sent to the landlord for rent—but this gentleman generously returned it, adding a guinea as a subscription for the Institute. The rent money has therefore been given to Mrs. Tatfield. At the time of writing us, however, she was still without an allowance from the War Office.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR THE BEST HAIR GROWER.

GET A GUARANTEE.

Most chemists stock a confusing number of hair tonics, dressings, and lotions at varying prices, but there is one, known as Lavona Hair Tonic, which always stands out above them all, because it so good that every bottle is accompanied by a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Such a guarantee is remarkable, but then the preparation is remarkable too, notwithstanding the fact that the formula is a standard one, well known to practically every chemist and hair specialist. The tonic can be prepared by mixing together 3 oz. bay rum, 1 oz. lavona de composee, ¼dr. of menthol crystals, and a little perfume, and those who wish to prepare it at home can, of course, do so, but it is usually preferable to obtain the complete Lavona Hair Tonic from the chemist in a sprinkler-topped bottle, because with this you receive the guarantee which provides that unless Lavona Hair Tonic eradicates scurf and dandruff, stops hair falling out, allays scalp irritation, and makes your hair grow longer, brighter, and more beautiful, the amount you pay, viz., 2s. 11d., will be refunded in full, and the trial will cost you nothing.

Make Baby happy with a

Trippa FOLDING PRAM

The comfortable, hygienic, easy-running Trippa helps to make happy, healthy, clean-limbed children. Made of steel and well-upholstered. Light, strong, and delightfully comfortable for baby. Folds neatly when not in use.

Price from 36/- Of all Pram Dealers

Send Postcard for "Trippa" Catalogue.

Brown Brothers, Ltd., Gt. Eastern Street, E.C.2; & Deansgate, Manchester.

ECZEMA CURE FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a large trial bottle absolutely free, of the wonderful skin discovery, D.D.D. Prescription, which is a liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives **INSTANT RELIEF** in all cases of Eczema, Bad Leg, Ringworm, and all Skin Diseases. It cures quickly, completely, as it kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. But send to-day for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Remember this offer is limited. Enclose 3½d. in stamps for postage.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES,
M.N. 5, Wine Office Court, London, E.C. 4

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.
Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

KEATING'S POWDER

KILLS BODY VERMIN FLEAS MOTH

TINS. 3d., 6d., 1/-

'BULLETS' BIG INCREASE

IN CASH PRIZES

400 EXTRA CASH PRIZES

400 EXTRA CASH PRIZES

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE

£250

2ND PRIZE £25

£10 3RD PRIZE

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

No. ..... Closing Date, Thursday, July 12th.
Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(244) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 244, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. ..... Closing Date, Thursday, July 12th.
Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(244) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

No. ..... Closing Date, Thursday, July 12th.
Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

(244) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 245. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JULY 19th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **245** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 245,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 245:

GENERAL SMUTS	GRASS WIDOW	FIRING BIG GUNS	BLOOMING CHEEK
WHEN IRELAND'S SETTLED	KEEPING HER PLACE	FATHER'S HOLIDAY	ARMY DOCTORS
BUTCHER'S BOY	KHAKI SUITS	GERMAN WIRELESS	HOT STUFF
FOUND OUT TOO LATE	WHEN LOVE IS BLIND	CHAMPION LIAR	PRESENT PRICES
YOUNG HOPEFUL	FETCHING POLICEMAN	WHEN BILL ARRIVES	THE KAISER'S DOWNFALL

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a Prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 244.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS
AFTER THE FIGHT.
A BAD MESS
GAS-BAGS
SHOULD BE PUNISHED
ARMS AND THE MAN
BACK TO THE FRONT
BILLING AND COOING
FOOLS ABOUT
COUNTING THE COST
OLD CHAP
KEEPING FIT
AT THE SEASIDE
BORROWED PLUMES
A BAD LOT
ROUGH PASSAGE
NOT TAKING ANYTHING
PATCHING THINGS
TAKING BACK SEAT
SOUR GRAPES
MAKING EVERYBODY
MAKING FOR HOME
FATHER LOVES
RAISING THE PRICE
CANTEEN BEER
MAKING HERSELF PLAIN
HOLDING TIGHT
RANK FAILURE
ANGERS THE KAISER
UNDRESS UNIFORM

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you :—
Example :—HOLDING TIGHT.
Bullet :—NOT GERMAN FRONT LINE.
Example :—MAKING HERSELF PLAIN.
Bullet :—THE MISSUS SOMETIMES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 28th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated July 7th.

Result of 242nd "Bullets Competition."

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. D. THOMAS,
19, Norfolk Square, Brighton.

Example :—FOOD PROFITEERS.
Bullet :—NO PUNISHMENT—TOO BAD!

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. HARRY SHORTREED,
75, Mexboro' Street, Leeds.

Example :—PRETTY CLOSE.
Bullet :—"GLAD EYE" AND "CHEEK."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. F. SINCLAIR,
22, Wells St., Oxford St., London, W.

Example :—GERMAN RAIDERS.
Bullet :—MIGHT BE BETTER "ENGAGED."

(Continued on opposite page.)

Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 242.

(Continued from previous page.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mrs. HILL, 42, Springfield Road, Bangor, Ireland:
IN FOR TROUBLE—GOVERNMENT "RESPECTING" THE RAIDERS.

Mr. A. SWANN, 81, Downend Rd., Horfield, Bristol:
WHEN DUTY CALLS—MAJORITY ANSWER IT "HAPPILY."

Mr. J. COOPER, 15, Summer Road, Lowestoft:
PUTTING IT ON—OFTEN FINISHES CHEAP GLOVE.

Mr. A. J. ROBINSON, 289, St. Annswell Rd., Nottingham:
THE WRONG GIRL—TOOK "FLAT" UP WEST.

Mr. D. CULLEN, 148, Church Road, Croydon, Surrey:
WAR BREAD—DOESN'T "SUSTAIN" ITS REPUTATION.

Miss E. VAUGHAN, 36, Stanton St., Peckham, London, S.E.:
SHORTENING THE WAR—IT'S QUITE "OLD ENOUGH."

G. T. TAYLOR, D.R.T.S., New Tavern Fort, Gravesend:
FOOD PROFITEERS—FEATHER "NESTS," NOT "CAPS."

Mr. F. PICKLES, "Breardene," King Edward's Drive, Harrogate:
FOOD PROFITEERS — "MUCH IN" EVERYBODY'S THOUGHTS.

G. A. E. BARNES, Esq., University College Hospital, Gower Street, London:
FOOD PROFITEERS—THEIR GREETING—"CHEER UP."

Mr. B. BOUCKLEY, 46, Bridlington Street, Hull:
CAUGHT IN THE ACT—CRIPPLES INSTEAD OF CUTHBERTS.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. SYD D'ERNEE, c/o Union Cold Stores, Canada Dk., Liverpool:
FOOD PROFITEERS—CREDIT STRONG, DISCREDIT STRONGER.

Mr. C. BOTTELEY, Sunny Bank, Stafford:
THE WRONG GIRL — EYES "FLASH"—ALSO JEWELLERY.

Mr. C. RIDDELL, 14, Maryfield, Portobello, Midlothian:
DRINKING TEA—MOTHER "AT ALL EVENTS."

Mr. W. H. NEWMAN, 99, Hanover Terrace, Brighton:
FOOD PROFITEERS—SELL, "REGARDLESS OF COST."

Mr. E. HARPER, c/o Hammond's Ltd., Hull:
LUCKY MAN—WHINERS ALWAYS THINK WINNERS.

Mr. STANLEY KERRIDGE, 7, Key Street, Ipswich:
THE WRONG GIRL—"FASCINATING" MEN HER OBJECT.

Mr. C. HIGGINS, 27, Chepstow Street, Walton, Liverpool:
SHORTENING THE WAR—KILLING "TRADE" WON'T HELP.

Mr. W. NICHOLSON, 46, Second Avenue, Carlton Hill, Nottingham:
FANCY DRESS—SOME LADY BATHERS DON'T.

Mr. R. PERCIVAL, 50, White Hart Street, Mansfield:
THE WRONG GIRL—WIVES SELDOM "LIGHT" UPON.

Mr. E. BISSEROT, 12, Bridge St., Kington, Herefordshire:
WHAT FLAPPER LIKES—"ANOTHER HELPING" WHEN KISSED.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

The Handsomest Number

of the

Most Attractive Lady's Paper

IS OUT NOW.

Light, but not frivolous, it covers the whole range of woman's activities, and its short stories and serials are written by the cleverest authors.

Everywoman's 1D.

Forty pages—larger and better than any other— it will keep you happy for a week. Go out now and buy yours. If your Newsagent doesn't stock it, send his name on a postcard, and we will supply you with a copy free.

THE PUBLISHER, "EVERYWOMAN'S,"
92, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

TOM ROCHE, 1, Newton Street, Ashton-under-Lyne. June 9th. 017,345.

JOSEPH JOHNSON, 295, Castle Boulevard, Nottingham. June 16th. A 258258.

Lce.-Cpl. G. A. FABB, 562,910, West Perry, Huntingdon. June 16th. 468,265.

FREDERICK S. GRIMBLE, 148, Palgrave Road, Gt. Yarmouth. June 16th. 742,582.

Mrs. PEGGY WHALLEY, 4, Rastell Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W. 2. June 16th. 589,116.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 30th:—

000,162	296,109	603,295	933,379	A264,210
016,803	328,233	635,578	974,178	A291,100
038,359	347,218	652,230	A001,368	A302,861
075,664	372,960	697,484	A042,130	A383,313
091,391	457,661	717,331	A067,721	A414,210
124,102	490,206	741,629	A078,587	A458,130
146,511	536,766	827,187	A129,737	A505,446
179,706	569,642	859,234	A156,445	A527,292
210,003	583,115	896,585	A221,433	A541,492
255,643	590,503	910,568	A235,225	A546,973

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published July 11th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for June 30, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 187,644 and A400,996. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged [whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop] or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

July 7th, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, LongAcre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

July 7th, 1917.

Nerve Exhaustion

WAR TIME with its anxieties, uncertainties, overwork, and other worries puts a heavy tax on the nervous system—nerve exhaustion is the inevitable result.

You know it by that feeling of depression, and that sense of unfitness so largely prevalent now. The nerves in such cases need strengthening—ordinary diet will not do it. Hall's Wine gives the aid required. It is by enriching the blood—by restoring lost energy to the nerve cells—that Hall's Wine gives a fresh feeling of hope and a new sense of energy and strength.

"Hall's Wine has done all you say it will," writes a patient. "My nerves were completely shattered, but thanks to Hall's Wine I am rapidly improving."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

Owing to the War, the active tonic principles contained in Hall's Wine now cost much more. The supreme quality of Hall's Wine will always remain supreme, but it has become necessary to raise the price.

Extra Large Size, 4/6; Smaller Size, 2/9.

Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc.

Proprietors: STEPHEN SMITH & Co., LTD., BOW, LONDON. 172.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

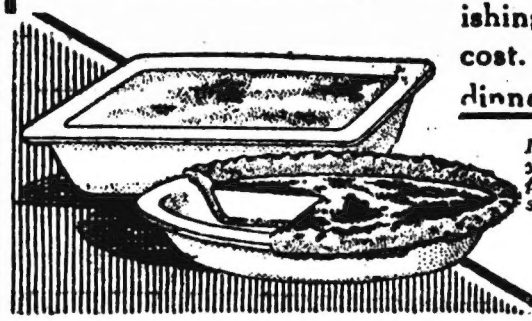
Don't buy Eggs for Custards.

PER 2d. PKT.

A 2d. packet of Laitova Custard Pudding contains all the eggs necessary to make delicious custard puddings or baked custards.

Laitova Custard Pudding CONTAINS REAL EGGS.

is not an egg substitute. It contains the real eggs dried and powdered, and has all the flavour and nutriment of fresh eggs. It provides a really nourishing food at little cost. Why not for dinner to-morrow?



If you can't obtain from your grocer drop us a postcard or send 1/- stamps for 6 packets post free.

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd., Manchester. (P.)

Severe Neurasthenia

Invalided Soldier finds new health.

Mr. George L. Joseph, 14, Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London, says: "I was in the Army when my trouble came on, and had seen nearly two years of active service. I found myself getting very run-down and nervy, and though I tried to keep going, it was no use. My sleep was very disturbed, and my general health low. Appetite failed me. I suffered with violent headaches, and finally became so weak that I had to go in hospital. I was discharged suffering with severe neurasthenia or nervous breakdown. I was terribly nervous and depressed when I came home, and the general feeling of gloom I endured was really terrible. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the results have been splendid. They braced me up as nothing else had done, my nerves became steady, and now, I am pleased to say, I am able to work again."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Palpitation
Nerve Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Premature Decay
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Mal-Nutrition	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases	Brain Fag

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3, *and* 3/-—*the* 3/- *size being the most economical.*

FREE INFORMATION.

If you want to have further information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, in your case, write to the Manager, Dept. C. 315, DR. CASSELL'S CO., LTD., Chester Road, Manchester.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).